THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume X — New York, Wednesday, August 7, 1929 — Number 14

EDITORIAL BOARD
MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor
GEORGE N. SHUSTER, Managing Editor
MARY KOLARS, Assistant Editor

JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Business Manager

EDITORIAL COUNCIL
CARLTON J. H. HAYES
T. LAWRASON RIGGS
RICHARD DANA SKINNER
JAMES J. WALSH

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Campaigning for Realities 343
Week by Week 344
Democratic Birthmarks 348
Guns, Treaties, Taxes 349
A Pilgrimage to Pittsburgh ..... Michael Williams 350
Town and Country ..... Oliver McKee, jr. 354
The Bishop Takes the Field ..... Franklyn Waltman, jr. 356
In the Mist (*verse*) ..... John Lee Higgins 358
Sun Tan: the Latest Fad ..... James J. Walsh 358
The Last Troubadour ..... Thérèse Laubauden 359
Sonnets ..... Merrill Moore, Ernest Hartsock, Ethel Romig Fuller, Daniel Whitehead Hicky, Sarah Litsey, Ruth Parr 361
Communications 362
Books ..... John Chamberlain, Mary Ellen Chase, Ambrose Farley, Edward Hawks, Shaemas O'Sheel, John Gilland Brunini, George N. Shuster Harry McGuire 364

Published weekly and copyrighted 1929, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single Copies: $.10.

CAMPAIGNING FOR REALITIES

DON QUIXOTE has been widely and enthusiastically imitated, particularly in so far as riding against windmills is concerned. Nowadays the spectacle of four fans spinning in the breeze is rarer than it used to be, but phantoms comparable with it still abide everywhere. That "factor of reality" which constantly upsets our calculations of future weather or financial conditions enters also in the forecasting of social tendencies, so that even the wisest of statesmen cannot diagnose tomorrow. And yet there is such a thing as approximately correct, and such another thing as exceedingly bad, diagnostic. How, then, shall we adjudge Briand's proposal for a "united states of Europe" to complete the work accomplished by the Kellogg treaties? To many it will seem that the sudden appearance of armies on the Manchurian border is sufficient comment. If this be the outcome of our oratory, why say anything further? It must be noticed, however, that this conflict has nothing to do with Europe. Etched on the Asiatic scene, it might conceivably run the full gamut of martial horrors without disturbing more than the theory of the League of Nations. On the other hand, a flurry in the Balkans could result in a new siege of Rome—or Paris—and so run a pen through the ledger of events since 1919. To a Frenchman especially this possibility is very serious indeed. All the fruits of his victory are in peril, and another war would ruin them.

M. Briand's analysis of this situation is the opposite of nationalistic. He has, as a matter of fact, been deluged with floods of patriotic satire. But he is probably correct for all that, and if so has advanced the most important suggestion of the age. There has, of course, been a great deal of pan-European talk, but it differs from Briand's conception in two important ways. First, it has insisted that political alliances are antiquated and that stability can come only through economic amalgamation; secondly, it has argued for a fresh start—a discard of the machinery so far evolved. The French minister, however, has understood that economics has not replaced politics but merely altered its drift and corrected its method. He has believed also that though some of the machinery devised by the Versailles treaty is outmoded, much has survived the test of time. His ambition has therefore been to imbue statecraft with a respect for economic realities, and to improve its machinery.

Today the very thought of a "united states of Eu-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rope" leads one to recognize the circumstance that the work of Versailles is, in several important respects, vastly out of date. It has, for instance, visualized a Russian republic allied with the victorious powers and receiving tribute from Germany. Now Russia is bound more closely to Germany than perhaps ever before; and Poland, once conceived of as a kind of wall which would both hinder the Reich's eastward progress and permit Franco-British egress, is, potentially at least, in the position of a nut caught between the jaws of a cracker. Or go around to the other side. Germanic influence in what used to be the Hapsburg empire is limited to one republic which, however, possesses the most important distributing centre in the whole of southeastern Europe. Whether that influence is welded into political unity or not, the fact remains that Vienna is rapidly becoming a centre of German Danubic control. Meanwhile the famous "ring of states," once drawn like a cordon to the south of the defeated Teutons, has become a dangerous battleground for French and Italian rivalry. In other words: economics has forced itself upon the political consciousness, and much of the machinery is antiquated.

As such the League of Nations never has had and never will have economic effectiveness. Not a single one of the important post-war financial problems has been referred to it for settlement. Really an anti-war conference body, its significance lies mostly in the political effectiveness of the public opinion it can muster. Europe will, therefore, refuse to sacrifice it unless some wave of folly gets the better of wits. But M. Briand is proposing a necessary supplement—an agreement to achieve unity on the basis of actual facts. One need hardly be told that Europe can never achieve what we here understand by the term "united states." But it can shape common policies and common hopes without giving them, once and for all, the rigid formulization required for the League covenant. It can recognize the fact that its enterprise hums round the half-dozen important capitals in its area, and that adroit political decisions may control economic valves. It might gradually curb its Nordic and Latin manias. In short, it might prevent not the collapse of Europe (of this there is little danger) but the continued anaemia of Europe.

One may also point to the circumstance that, as Briand has put it, the new concept of unification does not emphasize any kind of antipathy to the United States. Inevitably, of course, Europe will struggle for a more favorable credit balance than it can now point toward. But its prosperity will mean security for American investments, and this is all which may reasonably be expected. The French Premier, conscious always of the economic and political importance of the Americas in any picture of the modern world, has adroitly accompanied his homilies to the continent with invitations to the new world. He may be mistaken, but he has risked a genuine effort to be wise.

WEEK BY WEEK

TO THE world at large the triumphal procession which ushered Pope Pius XI from the Vatican to Saint Peter's was a sign that the Church has definitively accepted the Lateran treaties and ended the official seclusion of fifty-nine years. Rome, which naturally possesses a better memory for such things, thinks of the event in terms of comparison with the final sad public appearance of Pio Nono. Since that time a silence, vast and profound as a divorce between worlds of the spirit, has brooded under the bells of the enormous basilica—a silence which blended indignation and regret, penitence and longing. Now the throng has witnessed an emergence which summons to mind again the entry of Christ Himself into Jerusalem amid the plaudits of the crowd. The hundreds of thousands who knelt for benediction, who enjoyed the regal splendor of the ceremony, and who acclaimed the man in whom the destinies of Christendom are for the moment centered, could not well avoid feeling that a new vitality had entered the conduct of the Church. All roads through the world are open to the Sovereign Pontiff, as they were to Peter the Fisherman; and though one may regret that the way was barred for so long, it was doubtless imperative that the conflict between faith and arrogant nationalism should end itself through the catastrophe of a world's war. We need to bear in mind always that one part of the Christian mission is necessarily expressed in conflict; that easy adjustments frequently imply spiritual failure; and that the sequence of Golgotha upon Palm Sunday has been, and will inevitably be, the rhythm of Catholic history upon earth.

Exeunt in Civitatem

THOUGH his opportunity comes through the regrettable illness of M. Poincaré, the times are now appropriate for the return of Aristide Briand to leadership in France, just as three years ago circumstances were ripe for his exit. In the meantime there have been few moments when this remarkable man could have shown to his best advantage at the head of the government. In 1926, lines of difference between him and the forces led by M. Herriot were so bitterly drawn that he was out of the picture. The fluctuations of the franc were the French government's most serious problem, and his successive administrations had been powerless to stabilize it. Everyone remembers the semi-panic which ensued when it became apparent that Briand was to fail, and the dizzy plunges of the franc while control of the government wavered between him and Herriot. Poincaré, called at the eleventh hour, managed to form a Cabinet of union, and was almost immediately a steadying influence. Under his management the country has gradually regained prosperity, while M. Briand, free to

Briand Returns

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

devote most of his time to foreign affairs in these three years, has arrived at an understanding with Stresemann, established himself formidably at Geneva, and in general prepared the way for a foreign policy which he may now begin to develop. As Premier, M. Briand should be in a better position to handle relations with Poland and Jugoslavia, two friendly countries whose obstreperousness in their own neighborhoods could easily embarrass France, to relieve tension along the Mediterranean, and to arrange for the evacuation of the Rhineland.

Fair Weather in Spain

WE ARE assured that the Seville and Barcelona expositions—at both of which countless memories of Spanish-American history were revived—have made for the happiness of the country and the tempering of political discussion. It is even recorded that one of the most important among the critics of Primo de Rivera has declared the general to be "a man of extraordinary intelligence and astonishing tact." Under the circumstances this is something of an admission. Not to be outdone, the dictator has made public certain facts regarding the constitution soon to be proposed. It will call for a governmental assembly quite distinct in character: one group of representatives are to be chosen by the people, another group by the government, and still a third group by the "economic organizations." There is to be no senate, but a Council the thirty members of which are to be selected from among the best men in all groups. This plan appears to be a compromise between the Italian idea of parliamentary government and the notion which still persists in comfortable countries like our own. It will be interesting to watch the scheme in action. Meanwhile, all signs of stormy political weather in Spain have vanished and the "revolution" seems to have gone into hiding.

Arranging the Future

SINCE he has such a taste for country contentments, and holds to the pleasant dream of seeing his nation established as an agrarian state of small communities, Primo de Rivera is fortunate that he is a Spaniard. His program for "an intense country life," as outlined in a new book which has been receiving great attention in Spain, could not have much of a hearing in Germany, England or America, where economic circumstances have forced the growth of another kind of existence. Spain is in the fortunate position of being able to shape her own future, or so the Premier believes, and he says that it should be one "very different from those countries, completely overmechanized, whose great centres contain and protect all vices, and even crimes, and in which noises stupefy and make difficult the repose of the soul so that things moral, chaste and even courteous are disappearing from the relations between men." Seeing the division of the social order into city dwellers and country dwellers, the Premier believes it possible to impute a separate morality and aesthetic to each. But we remember that agrarian nations have existed before and still exist, and that the conditions of living there are neither more nor less deplorable and disturbing, than in the industrialized countries. Serenity cannot be won by national action. It is the quest of the individual soul, and in this quest cities or plains are but the immediate extraneous circumstance.

Dublin Remembers

ONE feels that great benefits are destined to accrue from Ireland's observance of the Emancipation centenary. Accounts of the various celebrations testify to the harmony of feeling which prevails, to widespread popular interest, and to the eagerness of non-Catholics to join in the applause given to what is after all an achievement of charity. Dublin inaugurated the ceremonies with a votive Mass in Phoenix Park, attended by many thousands and indicative of the faith of the country. Even more impressive possibly was the Mass at Cashel, upon the famous rock which used to be the scene of the coronation of the kings of Munster. Crowds gathered from all the counties of the Free States worshiped God, recalled the sacrifices and the greatness of past days, and dedicated themselves anew to the important tasks of the present age. One interesting aspect of these centenary meetings is the practice of saying the commemorative Masses in honor of persons instrumental in furthering the cause of emancipation. Thus the memories of several bishops have been honored, and we hope that the name of John England, pioneer bishop of Charleston, will not be overlooked. An effort has been made to give each event a public character, and the government always maintains an official representation. The final result may well be a new sense of unity among the Irish people.

Isolating Greenland

GREENLAND, says Dr. Bay Schmidt emphatically (he is a Danish scientist of reputation) must not yet be opened to the white man. Hygienic and moral problems affecting the future of the Eskimos there have first to be solved. What bearing this has on the opportuneness of opening Greenland is a question which might puzzle anyone unless he had learned, through Dr. Schmidt, that while the adult Eskimo in his loneliness is astonishingly resistant to disease, he loses all this advantage when he moves into town to live, and especially after he comes in contact with white men. For one thing, his diet is changed, and we can understand that ordinary foods would sit but ill upon a stomach adjusted to sea lion and whale meat. Dr. Schmidt is convincing on this subject, and also when he refers to the disastrous consequences of the opening of Labrador. Hygienic education of the natives had not been attempted; because of this, two-thirds of them were swept away. Such a warning from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the past should be sufficient, he says, to warrant Greenland's continued isolation. And with its position in those far northern latitudes, we are content that all should be as Dr. Schmidt desires. Indeed, despite the occasional visits, sometimes unpremeditated, of transatlantic flyers, it seems to us that the problem of isolation for Greenland might take care of itself.

THE decision of the Connecticut Supreme Court declaring invalid almost fifteen hundred laws passed within the last six years because they had not been signed within three days after the close of legislative session, illustrates once more the conflict between law and reality which grows out of failure to adapt the technique of government to the changing times. Whenever that failure manifests itself, law is disregarded, forgotten with the consent of everyone in the interests of accomplishment. Thus for years the governors of Connecticut, finding it impossible to comply with the three-day provision, have shelved it, and their action until now has not been questioned. For the confusion and expense into which its decision now throws the state, the Supreme Court is not to blame. A dispute had arisen over an act passed in 1923 confiscating certain land desired for a state institution. When the case reached the Supreme Court it was brought out that the act was signed only two weeks after the legislature had adjourned. If the point had been made six years ago the decision would have been the same. The Court could only rule on the law, which in this case was clear. A change in the law is now inevitable, for Connecticut cannot afford to court a repetition of this ludicrous position.

Lawless Connecticut

THE revolt of more than a thousand prisoners at Dannemora, and a week later of seventeen hundred at Auburn, are things which many of us have been content to suppose could not happen in our time or land. For one thing it has been increasingly easy since the war to forget that there may exist such general hopelessness and despair as we are now thus startlingly brought to think about. Disorders of a minor sort we have expected and been prepared for. But that grievances, real or imagined, could lead almost three thousand men into organized rebellion was a possibility which seemed altogether too remote and absurd, for the United States, at least. And the Prison Association of New York may reasonably ask "Why?" Some time ago Governor Smith recommended that Auburn be abandoned, and that an adequate modern prison be built in a more satisfactory location. For upward of a year the wardens of both prisons have been aware of a growing restlessness.

Prisons in New York

THE 1927 report of the Association contained a warning: "Crowding is very serious in the state prisons, as is indicated by the fact that more than 1,000 prisoners are not housed in cells. The seriousness of this is aggravated when it is considered that more prisoners are being received with a life sentence or its equal, and the sentence for some crimes is more than in previous years, which means that prisoners confronted with long terms of confinement are more apt to become restless and desperate, working on the theory that they have little to lose and perhaps something to gain in an attempt at disorder or escape." That this analysis of the situation has been justified by the recent blow-ups is now recognized by everyone, and not least by Governor Roosevelt, who has ordered a study of the Baumes Laws making life sentences mandatory for fourth-term offenders. We are all agreed, then, as to the primary cause. But a measure of the apathy with which we in America regard some of the most important problems of civilization is that this grim warning went unheeded in New York.

MUCH interest attaches to the "fundamental law" which has just been promulgated for the new state of Vatican City. Though of course merely an application of canonical principles, it defines a number of matters lucidly and so clears the air of misconceptions. The legislative, judicial and executive powers are all lodged in the Sovereign Pontiff, who may delegate these as he sees fit to appointed officials. Thus the Secretary of State, the Governor and the Counselor-General are in active control, but the manner in which they perform their duties is subject to constant papal supervision. The judiciary is organized in the customary manner, with a court of first instance, a court of appeals (the Rota) and a supreme court (the Segnatura). But "in case anyone thinks that a real right or interest has been injured by an administrative mandate, he may appeal to the Sovereign Pontiff, through the mediation of the Counselor-General." In practice, therefore, all responsibility for the conduct of the government must be borne by the Holy Father, even though the normal routine of affairs will hardly impose upon him added local problems or tasks. A detail worth noting is that the Vatican flag is "composed of two parts vertically divided." The yellow half is nearest the pole, the white portion bears the tiara with the keys according to a design determined upon.

Law in Vatican City

THE spectacle of children on a rampage, particularly a public rampage, is always disagreeable. The onlooker's indignation is, of course, generally aroused by thoughts of parents or guardians who have probably failed to apply the slipper. So when the news appeared that fifty children under Communistic direction (it would be unfair to them to say "of Communistic convictions") rioted on a Cunard pier, the common inclination was to pity the youngsters and to condemn the adults who led them.

The Children's Riot

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Even the most dyed-in-the-wool red would admit that the situation which was precipitated by girls and boys in their early teens, or younger, screeching and kicking and assaulting the police, was ill advised. The demonstration against Boy Scouts who were sailing for the International Jamboree in England, even had it been peaceful, was inane and futile. To the multitudes who were heretofore unaware of the very existence of such a junior Communistic society, the Young Pioneers of America have furnished a most unfortunate introduction. And if the organization's ideals are voiced in such boorish rioting, the idea of converting any Boy Scout to it is preposterous.

Fifty-four Years of Editing

ANYBODY who has edited a journal during even a brief period will realize that the fifty-four years which Father Daniel E. Hudson has devoted to the Ave Maria signify exhaustive toil and almost infinite charity. The story of this publication, which is the oldest and most widely distributed among Catholic cultural reviews in the United States, takes one back to pioneer days and through a host of struggles on behalf of literary expression. Look through the files and you will see the names of almost all Catholic writers identified with the epoch—scholars, leaders, poets, novelists, essayists. Nevertheless the best part of the Ave Maria has always been the editorial comment of Father Hudson himself. It was shrewd, clear-headed writing, but wise with kindliness and the lessons of saintly and mystical writers. Indeed it combined something of Oliver Wendell Holmes with more than a little Saint Francis de Sales. And so the news that Father Hudson, bowed down by ill health and increasing years, has been relieved of his editorial work must be received with the most sincere regret. Other men can be found to carry on the endeavor to which his life has been devoted, but none will ever supplant his personality. He may be assured that countless friends will be as interested in his nobly earned rest as they have been in his daily toil. They will merely regret that nearly three score years have passed so irrevocably.

Has the Artist a Soul?

THAT the artistic temperament is problematical from a religious point of view has often been conceded. Seldom, however, does the point induce action of the beneficial kind we see reflected in a book entitled Le Credo des Artistes, by Père M. S. Gillet, provincial of the Dominicans in Paris. He had organized a Catholic Union of the Theatre, and his volume consists of the Sunday instructions given to this group. Reading them one admires the frankness with which this remarkable priest has grasped the difficulties incident to a profession too often described as a sure recipe for degeneration. Père Gillet first set before his audience, in a series of excellent discourses, the Christian ideal of life and the major virtues. Then follows the "special treatment" which is, in its way, extraordinary. Masses were said for Molière and Corneille, so that the opportunity for discussing the work of the dramatist and actor was as genuine and apparent as a sign on the Boulevard des Italiens. Later on a High Mass served as the occasion for an address on Religion and Music, possibly the finest in the book. It is said that the Catholic Union is now large and flourishing. Surely it ought to be when one considers this excellent effort in its behalf—an effort which may legitimately be envied in many parts of the world.

The Goodness of Travelers

WRITING in a recent number of the Irish Statesman, Mr. John Brennan achieves originality by saying a kind word for the traveler. The average tourist, he holds, is not a nuisance perennially bent on lording it over porters but a "quiet and long-suffering poor fellow." How much truth there is in the following remarks not a few realize perfectly: "He has fought his way to our shores past implacable officials and customs officers on many borders, who exceed in their vigilance those dragons who barred the progress of the heroes of old. He has been thoroughly highbrow-beaten by the world, so that he dares not follow his natural bent. In his desperate efforts to establish an alibi and prove that he is a traveler, not a tourist, he incarcerates himself in fusty old castles and drags himself through picture galleries which he does not want to see." Yes, the tourist is normally only too willing to behave conformably, if merely to avoid being likened unto certain among his more gold-plated countrymen. Therefore he bores foreigners when he does not exasperate them. Therefore what is written about him is so uniformly unfavorable. We suspect the sole reason why John Brennan has spoken with kindness is the circumstance that he himself has often been a tourist.

Tankards and Psychoanalysis

THOUGH one ought never to comment upon a scientific discourse without having consulted the footnotes, Cape Town's remoteness may serve as an excuse for relying upon newspaper accounts of the presidential address of Professor W. E. Dixon to a section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. "To me it seems not unlikely," said the Professor, "that the substitution of tea for beer is not wholly unconnected with the tendency of highly civilized nations to become supersensitive and neurotic, for this is the ground-work upon which drug addiction is built." If this is correct, Dr. Johnson becomes the first great psychoanalytic patient and may be warmly recommended to diverse practitioners. The value of this hint will be appreciated when it is observed that though lives of the Doctor are numerous, he is one of the few dead Englishmen who have not yet been "psyched." On the other hand,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Professor Dixon observed that beer "depresses the higher faculties of the mind and does not exaggerate their activity." Now we seem to remember that when Mr. Chesterton was asked how he obtained "inspiration," he replied, "More beer!" It would appear, therefore, that Cape Town has been listening to a subtle and venomous attack upon Mr. Chesterton's methods. But having arrived at such literary inferences from a scientific lecture, it may be well to await the complete text before proceeding farther.

Anniversaries and Steamships

IT IS estimated by passenger agents that approximately eleven thousand Poles, residing as either naturalized citizens or aliens in this country, will have visited Poland during the year. Any question on this 1929 visitation meets the natural explanation that Poland is now celebrating her tenth year of independence. Poland and the steamship companies. Indeed the latter are probably as much interested in European anniversaries as the countries involved or their nationals. We were told recently by an excursion promoter that at present the transatlantic lines are preparing for the eastward passage of Hungarians in 1931. That year will be the nine hundredth since the death of Saint Emeric, son of Saint Stephen, the great patron saint of Hungary. Even if the Magyar government or the Church has not thought of signalizing the occasion, the suggestion has been supplied by astute and far-sighted business men. 1930 has proved to be a bad year, anniversarily speaking. Careful research of calendars, encyclopaedias and histories has only brought forth the fact that in 930, Vytauto, obscure yet respected king of Lithuania, saw the last of earth. Nevertheless Lithuanians in this country will hear the slogan, "Back to Lithuania!" shouted at them from every office that is interested in Atlantic berths or tickets to Atlantic ports. O. Henry's picturesque tale of the creation of a Central American demand for shoes by sowing cockleburrs in the streets bids fair to be eclipsed by this evidence of ingenious modern enterprise.

DEMOCRATIC BIRTHMARKS

EFFORTS to give political form to civic ideas are numerous in diverse parts of the land. While such important groups as labor continue to hold aloof from any thought of marching toward victory in party formation, more than a few idealistic urges are headed straight for the voting booth. Elsewhere in this issue we are printing an analysis of the situation in Virginia, so typical of the drift we have indicated. It may be that Mr. Waltman has exaggerated a trifle, but you can skim a good deal from his remarks and still have a heady brew. The question, therefore, suggests itself: why is all this sort of thing associated with the Democratic party, and why does Republicanism escape it? For a time it may have looked as if Mr. Hoover were going to create an oasis inside the G. O. P. area for the advocates of drought, thus transcending that skilful indifference to Volsteadism which characterizes so many among the Root-Hughes-Coolidge crowd. But now it is fairly evident that the said oasis will be used principally for a good long nap. It is the Democrats who continue to grow vexed and volatile over this and a dozen other dynamitic themes.

The point is dealt with in the current Outlook by Mrs. Emily Newell Blair, who as vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee has seen not a little of campaigning. Her shrewd and thoughtful paper is devoted to proving that whereas the Republicans are interested in winning, the Democrats are set on "thinking." The party of Mr. Hoover is welded together by the conviction that it alone can "save the country," and therefore personal ideals of civic conduct must remain purely subordinate matters. It can always strike a melodious note at the end of a convention with some species of compromise; and it still regards Mr. Roosevelt's break in 1912 not merely as a black spot on that great leader's record, but also as an exceedingly dangerous rebellion which all but ruined the nation. A Democratic convention, however, cannot compromise. It is a place where ideas may be bandied about like basketballs, where resolutions must be fought, and where such fiery programs as those which used to emanate from Mr. Bryan may rend hearts and stir the enemy to wrath. Democracy has not been able to compromise, or to live at peace with itself, since the Civil War. A party of "individualists," as Mrs. Blair says, it "insures its defeat" by giving uncontrolled rein to the expression of opinions.

Now this lack of agreement and this insistence upon personal beliefs is to a considerable extent the weakness of all "liberalism" as opposed to "conservatism." Defense of the status quo is a tremendous advantage when everything is going smoothly; and, on the whole, things will move tranquilly in the United States so long as labor does not grow politico-conscious and as agrarianism does not seriously threaten to mark its ballots differently. Yet there is a very special Democratic weakness, which hampers the business of "getting breaks." That weakness is attributable to heredity, as definitely as any birthmark. In some ways, of course, Democracy comes of excellent stock, and such writers as Claude Bowers have traced this lineage well. But there are several ancestral lapses, difficult to live down. The first is, of course, the Civil War—a point so deeply etched upon school and other history as to be one of the few national facts everybody remembers. The second may be seen in the program of Bryan, with which the present is totally out of sympathy. Then followed the Wilson bid for anti-Allied sentiment, and the subsequent repudiation of this by a declaration of war. Finally one comes upon that antipathy between northern city and southern domain which every step of the route between Al Smith the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

governor and Al Smith the candidate for President was necessarily destined to widen. In all these instances the Democratic party was the group inside which catastrophic explosions of opinion occurred.

As a consequence the story of Democracy is very interesting and constantly vital. It is a running commentary on the ideas which have presented themselves to the popular mind, and a summary of a thousand debates. Unfortunately, however, it has also been, during the major part of seventy years, a narrative of defeats. Mrs. Blair fails to indicate any way out of the predicament, and very likely there is none. A great personality will, of course, occasionally coincide with a crisis. Events, however, have indicated that neither can be created. Neither party can, for instance, become wet any more than either party has been dry. Volsteadism was sponsored by a group organized to use politics rather than to be political. It will probably be defeated by a similar group. We believe, on the other hand, that the recipe for success is to be discerned in the greatest of Governor Smith's ideas and achievements. He was almost the first modern Democrat to understand the importance of good-will and to see that a party could earn it by making local organization so effective and so responsive to the public desire that support in the domain of national affairs would follow as a matter of course. A Democratic organization rooted solidly in states and cities would compensate for the "disrupting force of conflicting ideas." But will there ever be such an organization?

GUNS, TREATIES, TAXES

WHATEVER becomes of President Hoover's plan for retrenchment in the matter of military expenditures, it has already left an impression on world affairs. Coming, audaciously enough, at a time when the aspect of the Russian-Chinese crisis was none too reassuring, it gave the strength of sincerity to our own appeals to the anti-war treaties. The President's statement that "there is less real danger of extensive disturbance to peace than at any time in more than half a century," might have seemed like a blundering misstatement, considering conditions in the Orient, if it had not been backed by a program for curtailing the budgets of our own forces on land and sea. The hope for naval economy, of course, depends almost entirely upon "international agreement," but the preliminary conferences at Geneva this spring indicated that there can be no lasting agreement on limitation of the fleets without a correspondingly substantial reduction in the equipment and make-up of armies. If the delegates adjourned with less good feeling than when they first met, it was largely because of the suspicions which were aroused whenever land forces were mentioned. A similar wariness would mean failure for the 1931 meeting. To dispel it beforehand, some nation must take the lead. Whether the credit for breaking the ice in this case belongs to President Hoover or to Premier MacDonald, who has had something to say about restricting war games, does not matter. It is important that England and America seem to have effected a conjunction which should make easier the undertakings of the next disarmament conference.

And to the Kellogg pact, which now comes really into existence, it should give a necessary political impetus. Unarmed with enforcement provisions, the success of that treaty depends upon what international political character can be built up for it by its friends. When Ramsay MacDonald declared that "the government has kept in view the changes in the problem of national security as affected by the peace pact," and then announced the suspension, cancellation and slowing down of naval construction, he made a contribution to the pact's prestige. President Hoover did the same thing when he said that "our whole situation is certainly modified by the Kellogg pact," and then called for a reconsideration "of our whole army program."

The domestic appeal of the President's statement is that our military expenses are already the heaviest in the world, amounting, for the year 1928-29, to $624,600,000 as compared with $551,464,000 for Great Britain, $407,915,000 for France, and $224,352,000 for Japan. Furthermore, the figures mark for us an increase of $60,100,000 over the year 1927-28 as compared with a reduction of $19,294,200 for Great Britain and slight increases for France and Japan. During the last four years our military costs have increased $224,000,000, which is as much as the yearly total before the war, and according to all the estimates they will increase another $120,000,000 by 1933.

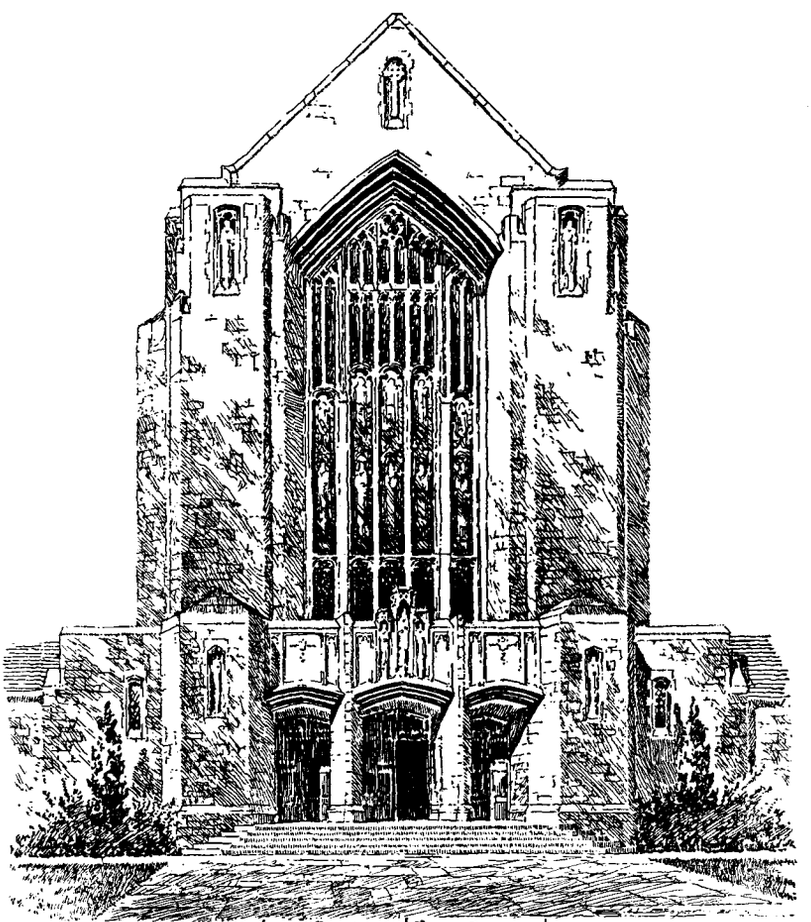
By spreading the future projects to which we are already committed over a long period, and by eliminating obsolete services, the President believes our expenses may be materially reduced. Such a plan seems obvious and sensible, but before it can be carried out, President Hoover must overcome the fondness of Congress for the army and navy, manifested by the generosity to which it is stirred whenever their interests are in question. At a distance from the scene this may appear to be no formidable obstacle, yet it blocked President Coolidge's early ambitions for military reduction, and eventually, by a process of resistance, turned him into an advocate of bigger military budgets. Of course in announcing that tax reductions would be realized principally through the success of his plan, President Hoover may have secured for it a kindlier reception than was granted the schemes of his predecessor. Particularly may this be true in the Middle-West, where a majority of the newspapers have been impressed with the need for a robust military and quick to criticize any attempt at reduction, yet where the prospect of a tax cut will be received at least as cheerfully as anywhere else.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PILGRIMAGE TO PITTSBURGH

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

WHEN I said that I was going to Pittsburgh, some of my New York associates were ribald, and quoted some sort of Mother Goose rhyme about Mary's little lamb and what happened to the poor thing when it went to that city of mills and mines, and smoke and soot and clamor; which might have been depressing, except that New York happens to be a place where even the municipal buildings violate the soft coal ordinance, and is not precisely to be recommended as a health resort to those whose nerves are affected by the clamor and crush of our industrial civilization. Moreover, long ago I was fortunate enough to find out a way in which a visit to almost any place can be made interesting and valuable quite apart from whatever object, whether of business or pleasure, may cause one to visit it. For example—and the example brings us back to what we began with, namely, Pittsburgh.



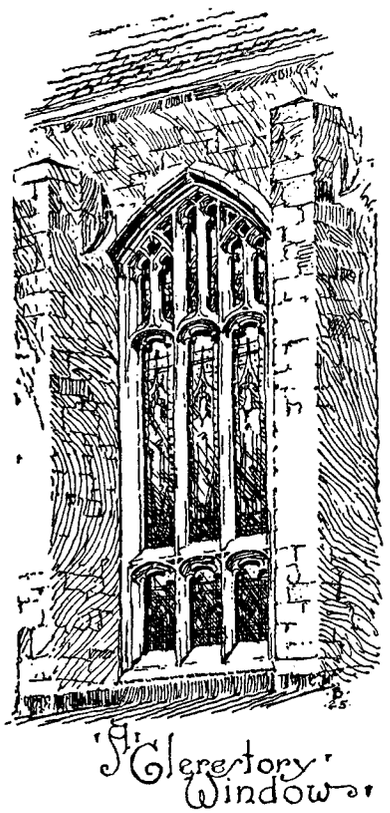
The "West" Front

My purpose in going there was to meet a group of men representing the industrial, financial and professional leadership and interests which have made that city's name synonymous with the achievements and tremendous problems of our industrial age. They were bankers, contractors, industrialists, judges, lawyers, doctors and editors. Mingling with such men at any time possesses a special interest because of the fact that they are the real fountain-head of the social power of our modern society. And on this particular occasion there was another high interest attached to meeting such a group, due to the fact that they had assembled to devote a part of their time and thought to problems connected with their religious faith. They were all Catholic laymen. As such men throughout the country are more and more beginning to do, these Pittsburgh leaders had met to discuss ways and means by which they might take part in and assist that vigorous intellectual movement of the Catholic faith which is one of the main features of our times, through which the age-old doctrines and principles of the Catholic religion are reasserting their power more vigorously and effectively than they have done for centuries.

Even, however, if these two interests had not been present, the application of the special method alluded to above for making one's travels interesting would have made such a pilgrimage well worth while. The word "pilgrimage" reveals the secret of this method. For there is hardly a place anywhere in this country that cannot be made the object of a pilgrimage to a shrine, or to a spot that should be a shrine, connected with the history either of the nation or of the Catholic Church; and in a very large number of instances the two interests are united.

Pittsburgh is such a place. The wars of the French and the British in their great struggle for the new world swirled about this region, which in the long ago was the centre of the rich fur trade with the Indians, and which George Washington surveyed and considered to be a good site for a fort. The fort was later on built by the Ohio Company, then lost to the French and then retaken. The first place of public worship within this territory was the chapel erected by the French in the stockade of Fort Duquesne, where the Monongahela and Allegheny Rivers meet to form the Ohio, and the chapel was dedicated under the title of The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin of the Beautiful River. The early records of the Pittsburgh diocese are starred with names that are great in the later history of the Church in the United States—like Father Gallitzin, and "Priest Maguire," as the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A Clerestory Window

Reverend Charles B. Maguire, the great pioneer pastor of the first church in Pittsburgh, was called, and Dr. Michael O'Connor, the first bishop, and Father Neuman, afterward a bishop, whose name some day may be placed on the altars of the Universal Church.

But it was not the historic interest of Pittsburgh, in connection with the story either of the nation or of the Catholic Church in America, nor was it the contemporary industrial greatness of the city, which made this recent pilgrimage so notable. Yet that which did make it notable in a certain sense combined all these other interests. It was my visit to the new Sacred Heart Church at Shady Avenue and Walnut Street, which Carlton Strong is building for the pastor, Reverend Thomas F. Coakley, D.D. That visit was a source of profound consolation, for it presented luminous and enduring proof of how the Catholic faith, rooted so deeply in historic American soil, and playing so vital a part in contemporary American life, can manifest itself in forms of beauty, strength and spiritual power amid the congested industrial city of today as superbly as it did in the more leisurely and more congenial conditions of the middle-ages. Also, that visit proved that it can manifest itself so within the limits of a parish, and thus splendidly illustrate the capacity of a parish to rise to great heights of expression of the Faith. This was particularly impressive.

That we should build magnificent cathedrals, uniting in the effort all the resources of a diocese, or that a great religious order should build greatly, we take for granted; and also with gratitude, when the results are commensurate with the opportunities such enterprises afford. But there is a very deep and vital Catholic spirit represented in the spiritual patriotism of a parish which fosters and sustains the rich and varied life of the Church as no other form of religious force can do. Therefore, the building of one more strikingly beautiful parish church is (it seems to me) a stronger and more desirable proof of the renaissance of beauty in American Catholic architecture than the creation of a cathedral, or the college or monastery of a great order.

For the parish may be termed the norm, or model, of Christian society. Every Catholic priest—even the most adventurous explorer-missionary who ever thrust his canoe into the unknown tributaries of the Mississippi or trod barefooted over the Arizona desert—was in the old days and is today a natural (or, if you like, a supernatural) social service organizer—he is a builder of human society; he is an apostle of civilization as well as of the Gospels; he is an agent of law and order and beauty; and the parish is the thing he always has in mind as the norm of unified and orderly human existence.

First the mission—then, as soon as possible, and as the realization of the purpose of the mission, the parish, a permanent group of Christian people, under the spiritual authority of their pastor; the parish uniting with other parishes to form the diocese under the bishop; the bishops and their dioceses, under the Supreme Pastor and Bishop, the Pope, who is the direct representative of Jesus Christ, forming the Universal Church. So it has been through the centuries of the Christian era; so it is today, and so it will be until the end of time.

I am told that this new church is unlike any other church erection of Europe or America. Dr. Coakley, its pastor, says:

> The architect has copied nothing; the plan and its embodiment grew out of our own parish problem, and the church in its outward aspect is the direct result of

The Lady Chapel

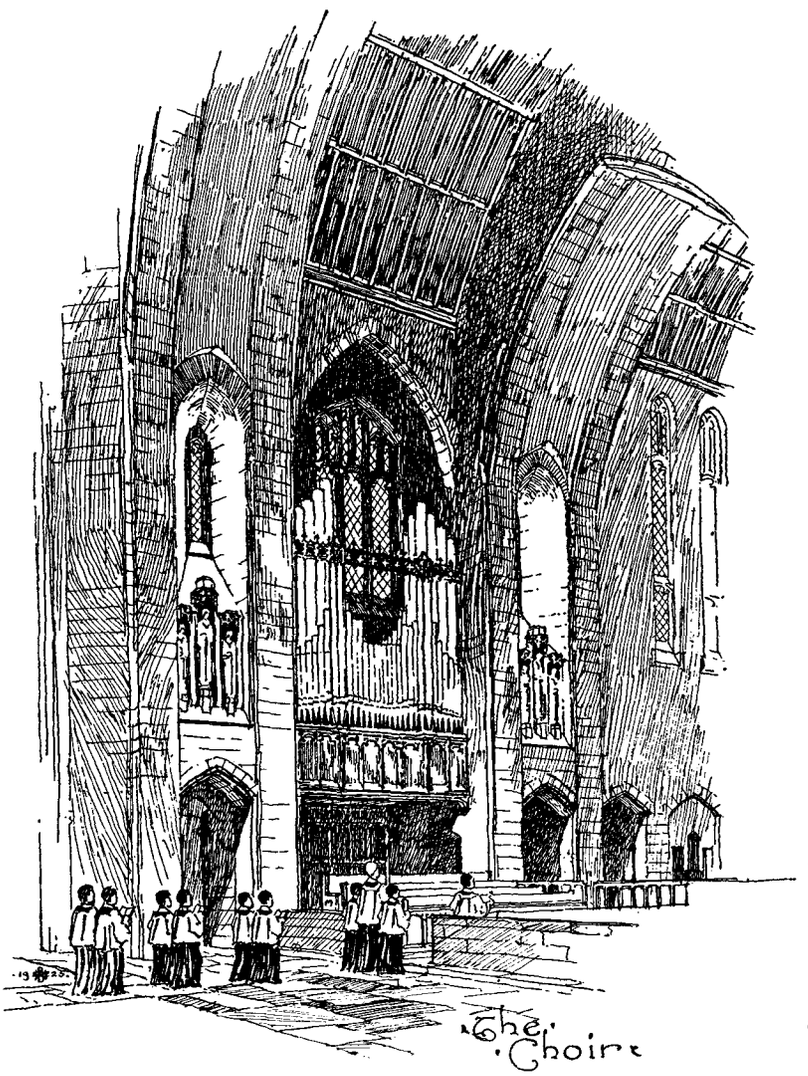
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

closely adhering to the laws of Catholic liturgy, from which no one may deviate without sin.

And again, he says:

The church reflects the character of the people of this parish. For generations they have been conspicuous for their great honesty and integrity, their lack of sham and pretense, their self-restraint and repose, their lack of indulging in the spectacular and the bizarre, their candor and simplicity, and their lofty aims and aspirations.

I came across the pastor's words after I had written what is said above about the parish, and it was good to know that my intuition was justified by one who had authority to say whether it was right or wrong. It appears that in choosing the Gothic style for the Sacred Heart Church, the pastor and architect were guided by such facts as that the people of the parish are descendants of northern races, principally those who issued from Ireland and England, and that Gothic is the style in which the northern races have given expression to their culture in the field of architecture. That proposition was definite and concrete; it was as realistic as a well-considered dogma; it was as solid and substantial as the massive foundations of the church itself. Very well: but how were those high moral and spiritual characteristics of the people of the parish, described by their pastor as quoted above, to be expressed in the church that now shelters their souls?



Well, I am no architect nor am I qualified as a critic of architecture, but one does not need to be either in order to recognize certain qualities that are expressed by the Sacred Heart Church in Pittsburgh as clearly and as lucidly as the music of Palestrina or Gregorian Chant expresses at once the technical perfection of ordered sound and the mystical desires of the soul, or as high poetry recites through the laws of rhythm the most intimate emotions of the heart. For in this church it is impossible not to be permeated with influences of dignity, rising even to majesty, and of enduring, massive strength, force and firmness, commingled with a tranquil peace, illumined with a lucid gracefulness; all steeped in an atmosphere breathing forth from a splendid yet austere background profound as the mystery of Love that is symbolized by the Sacred Heart, and that pulses in all Its rich reality from the Tabernacle to which all the lines of vision and aspiration converge. Happy is the parish which can thus express its delicate inner life as well as its strong and sturdy outward following of its faith.

This church is—as all churches ought to be—at once as orthodox and traditional as the Creed itself, and yet original in the highest sense. For true imagination here has dealt with the realities of the Faith, and through utmost faithfulness to the laws of the liturgy there has issued a work of art sealed with distinction, stamped with integral personality. It imitates nothing; but neither does it introduce any innovation that in the slightest way departs from liturgical obedience. And it is in some essential manner which would be difficult to define, but which is unmistakably evident, perfectly and completely an American thing. It expresses the same faith as any Catholic church in Rome, or Palestine, or Japan, or Australia. It exists for the same purposes that lead to any Catholic church being built anywhere else in the world, yet America is stamped upon this church. Perhaps it is because its builders have paid the sincerest artistic tribute to the Faith that it is possible to pay it by resolving not to give it the poor compliment of copying some foreign masterpiece, and still less the very dubious service of cheap and tawdry imitation, but by resolving to use only the best and staunchest materials, and to put them together in the most honest and enduring fashion, according to the doctrine of the Church as laid down to guide such matters, and by striving to achieve the highest ideals of beauty and true serviceableness, for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a particular people in a particular place, namely, this parish of the diocese of Pittsburgh. And I for one believe that in doing so they have by their very loyalty to their parish contributed a very rare, memorable, and permanent thing of beauty—of that beauty which indeed is truth—to the civilization of the United States. It is a proof of Catholicism, not a mere assertion, but a demonstration.

In other than a mystical sense, too, the Sacred Heart Church is a thing native to the city of which it is such a beautiful part, and to the parish of which it is the centre. The walls were cut out of quarries near New Castle, Pennsylvania. The stone has a subdued yet rich autumnal color; it will weather better under the trying conditions of the atmosphere of Pittsburgh than any other material considered by the architect and the pastor in the many years of research which they devoted to all the problems connected with their task.

So far as possible—and the limits of the possibility are very wide—everything that can be done in Pittsburgh itself, or in the state, or at least in America, is being done, so that the completed work will be local and native in its material, its workmanship and its own individual spirit or genius, so to speak, while at the same time it is as universal in its meaning as is the world-wide Catholic Church itself. It is like the rebirth of a guild.

The glorious glass is being made by George Sotter, at Holicong, Pennsylvania. The wooden statues at the bases of the trusses supporting the nave were carved on the church premises by Xavier Hochenleitner, one of the most celebrated of the wood-carvers of Oberammergau. Above the arches in the nave are carved stone panels, depicting in vigorous and decorative style the leaders of the liberal and fine arts, showing that many of the greatest names in every department of human activity have been Catholics. These are the work of Mr. Franz Aretz, a Pittsburgh sculptor. Many other instances of this local collaboration might be given. It will take many years to complete the church and the group of schools and parish buildings that will surround it. The nave, the sanctuary and the choir are now open. The chapel of the Blessed Sacrament on one side and the Lady Chapel on the other side, will follow, together with a tower, and, finally, the baptistry, to flank the main entrance.

Volumes would be needed adequately to describe the completeness with which the dogmas and the world history of the Catholic religion are expressed both structurally and decoratively in this parish church—and yet there is no overcrowding of images, no sense of redundance or of confusion, so beautifully is all this complex symbology harmonized and held together in the clarity and peaceful repose of the dominant motive, which was very simple, and so idealistic in that simplicity: namely, to build a true parish church, practically adequate for its practical service of the religious needs of its people, and yet through its high beauty and its uncompromising honesty of workmanship to be a masterpiece of creative art.

My trip to Pittsburgh, then, as I intimated above, did indeed become a pilgrimage. It is true that my effort to revisit the site where Father Neuman's life of sanctity was developed to such heights that some day his name may be on the calendar of the saints was defeated; I found that site swallowed up in the vast ramifications of a railroad station. But the vitality of the Catholic faith does not depend merely upon sentimental shrines of the past; it operates in the present day, in the things of today, linked to the things of the past, but not confined by or to the past: the road of tradition is the surest and safest highway to the future. In the library of the bishop of the diocese this truth was illuminated vividly. Speaking of the part that the laity should take in the expansion of the influence of the Church, and pointing to the rock-like rows containing the theology and canon law and history of the Catholic religion, the bishop said:

> What we need today are artists, to shape this mass of truth into living beauty and usefulness in life. While the fundamental work of our theologians and ecclesiastical writers and directors must always continue, their work is like a quarry from which the makers and shapers of the life of today should draw their material, and re-express it in forms that can be utilized by the world which so greatly needs the Catholic guidance.

The laymen of Pittsburgh seem to understand their bishop, and he too understands what great desires are today moving the minds and the hearts of the laity. The Sacred Heart Church of that diocese is the concrete example of a splendid unity of people and pastor and the Shepherd of the flock.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOWN AND COUNTRY

By OLIVER McKEE, JR.

Last week the conflict between native America and the melting pot was discussed in these pages. The following paper deals with a similar struggle, which the author prefers to diagnose as a case of strained relations between town and country. He examines the significance of anti-alien amendments to census and reapportionment bills, of urban increase at the expense of rural numerical preponderance, and of antagonistic "philosophies" expressed in partizan and federal action. Mr. McKee has, we think, brought together a great deal of interesting information.—The Editors.

"IF ALIENS are excluded from the count upon which the representation of the different states in Congress depends, Manhattan Island below Fourteenth Street, a territory which probably controls a greater amount of wealth than any area of similar size in the world, might well find itself with but a single spokesman in the House of Representatives." So declared a member of the House when that body had the Hoch anti-alien amendment to the census and reapportionment bill under consideration. By a practical illustration he brought home the real significance of the move to exclude aliens from the count which determines how much representation a state shall have in the lower branch of Congress. This movement, an expression, in part, of prejudice against the alien, has dramatically lifted the curtain upon the conflict in contemporary American politics between town and country, or as some would rather have it, between the rural and the urban areas. The anti-alien amendment would have deprived a small group of states of about twenty members. The states which would lose are those with our big cities, such as New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago, cities with large alien populations. If representation is ever made on the basis of the exclusion of aliens from the count, it will lessen the power of those states where immigrants most gather, that is, the states with large urban centres, and it will bring about a corresponding increase in agrarian influence in national affairs. Its sponsors mustered enough votes in both the Senate and House to indicate, as matters now stand, a preponderance of sentiment for the anti-alien proposal. But the House struck out the Hoch, along with the Tinkham amendments, to cut down the representation of southern states which refused to carry out the provisions of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the constitution. The two amendments were full of political dynamite, and the House eliminated both in order that it might get a reapportionment bill at this session. Now that they have failed to saddle their proposal on the census bill, the anti-alien group have announced that they will seek to achieve their end by a constitutional amendment.

The conflict between town and country cuts athwart sectional lines, recognizes no party fences, and is not exactly a declared and open war. The participants on either side are not always conscious of the alignment. The interests of the urban and country districts differ widely at many points; often indeed, those interests are diametrically opposed. The way a man stands may often depend on whether he has a city or a rural background. The southern Democrats who rallied around Homer Hoch of Marion, Kansas, and St. George Tucker of Lexington, Virginia, and with the help of the western Republicans approved the alien exclusion amendment in the committee of the whole over the protests of Democrats from New York, Boston and Brooklyn, did not perhaps conceive themselves as spokesmen for the country, and as champions of its cause and ascendancy against the city, but that was precisely how they were acting. For if they succeed in their venture, the big cities stand to lose a good deal of influence in national affairs.

Why should town and country be at odds? The Census Bureau enables us to understand some of the reasons why they are. The fourteenth census, taken in 1920, revealed that for the first time in American history, the urban percentage of our population had crossed the half-way mark. The exact percentage in 1920 was 51.4 percent as compared with 45.8 in 1910. The Census Bureau gives to the city a somewhat different definition than the man in the street, who thinks of it in terms of Broadway or Michigan Boulevard. Under the yardstick of the Census Bureau, a city is any incorporated community having a population of 2,500 or more. The census figures nevertheless indicate the broad trend. Fifty years ago agricultural and rural America was completely in control. Strong in numbers, it could confidently count upon a preponderance of influence in the halls of Congress. In 1881, the percentage of city dwellers was only 28.6, and this percentage had increased to 35.4 in 1890; 40 in 1900, and 45.8 in 1910. The increase in the urban percentage implies, of course, that the urban population has increased more rapidly than the rural. The contrast between the rates in growth for the two classes of population indeed has been very marked. Between 1910 and 1920, the urban population jumped from 42,166,120 to 54,304,603, a rise of 28.8 percent, while the rural population increased from 49,806,146 to 51,406,017, a jump of 3.2 percent.

The growth of our big cities has been little short of phenomenal. Population has been concentrated in a few centres to a degree which the fathers probably never dreamed of. The republic which they founded was a rural republic—even Philadelphia and Boston were no better than towns. As millions have been

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

added to millions, the cities have developed not only a distinct economic interest, but a political and social individuality all their own. The Weltanschauung of San Francisco is closer to New York or Chicago than it is to many a village in the great state of California. A generation or so ago, urban centres were smaller in size, and even in the aggregate, their weight in the scale of national affairs was far overtopped by the agrarian communities. Now, for the first time in our history, the agrarian sections find their supremacy challenged. Behind the cold, bare figures of the 1920 census is the picture of a clash and conflict of interest between two protagonists, pretty evenly matched in strength.

The city has a philosophy, a trend of thinking and an economic interest all its own, which must of necessity set it apart, on many issues, from the rural areas. The advantage of numbers is now slipping from the country, and the exclusion of the seven million or more aliens in our population—most of them city dwellers —from the count which determines whether a state shall have ten, or only eight representatives, would, for the time being, stem the tide of population which is setting against rural America. The alien exclusion proposal would do more than this. For it would probably continue to give the country a clear margin of superiority in the House of Representatives for another generation, at least.

The 1920 census tells us that there were 7,477,604 aliens in the United States in that year. Of these, 5,645,303 were found in ten states. New York headed the list with 1,609,190, followed by Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Illinois, California, New Jersey, Michigan, Ohio and Connecticut. The alien population concentrates itself furthermore in the bigger cities. New York in 1920 had 1,218,074 aliens; Chicago, 382,000; Philadelphia, 210,558; Detroit, 185,969; Cleveland, 138,368; Boston, 135,627, and so on.

The conflict may cut into a major political party. For is not the present division in the Democratic household at bottom a division between city and country? The democracy of the big cities of the North, with its Al Smiths and Tammany Halls, is arrayed against the democracy of the South, a section of the country with a few large cities, and with no huge metropoli. Madison Square Garden still brings back unpleasant memories to Democrats. The Tammany Democrat and his colleagues in the big cities are not men of the same kidney with the Democrats born and bred in the smaller towns and villages of the Southland. The townsman and the rustic do not make cheerful bedfellows, even if both do happen to be Democrats.

Prohibition, the greatest domestic issue of our time, shows again the duel between the agrarian and urban elements in our country. By and large the main nuclei of wet sentiment are found in the big cities, and the communities around them that absorb the ideas and trends of thought of their bigger neighbor. The Anti-saloon League and its allies find their main strength in the villages and the small towns. Wets in the House of Representatives hail for the most part from the bigger cities. The cities send many a professed dry to Capitol Hill, but many of these, if they set down their real convictions, would be found in the camp of the wets. The comparatively small band of out-and-out wets by no means represents the full measure of wet sentiment in the lower chamber. Alfred E. Smith, who led the fight for modification last year, was born in the heart of New York. Brookfield, Ohio, was the birthplace of the late Wayne B. Wheeler, and a little Illinois village was the birthplace of Wesley Jones, author of the "five-and-ten law."

Farm relief legislation reveals another aspect of the duel between city and country. Here again the agrarian has sought to bind the urban area to its chariot. The farmers have had some city support for their demands from Congress, but that support came for the most part from centres whose prosperity was supposed to depend on playing ball with the big farmer population surrounding the cities. That would help to explain the backing which Chicago and other middle-western cities have given to farm relief legislation, through their members in Congress. Who, we may ask, was President Hoover's principal hope for a safe and sane farm bill in the House Agriculture Committee, packed with farmers? Franklin Fort, from urban New Jersey.

Fear and jealousy of cities are not new phenomena. They may be read in many of the pages of our national history. When Maine, for example, was set off from Massachusetts, the delegates to the convention of 1819 were thoroughly familiar with the proponderant influence of Boston in the politics of the Bay state. The farmers wanted no city domination. So the new constitution carried a provision that no city, however great its population, could have more than a certain number of representatives in the state legislature.

"God made the country, and man made the town." The words of the poet Cowper echo a feeling that still measurably persists in our national life. Country folk have not altogether lost their suspicions of the city. The farm and the little red schoolhouse, they feel, are still nurseries of great characters. The city-bred member of the House of Representatives is not without honor in that chamber, but his colleague from the country appears to be honored a little more. Of the forty odd members to whose words the House really lends its ear, and who therefore hold in their hands the keys to the bulk of the legislation, the country members are certainly not in the minority. Speaker Longworth, to be sure, hails from Cincinnati, but Republican Leader Tilson, though representing the city of New Haven, was born and raised on a Tennessee farm, and the agrarian may claim that it was his early days on the farm that gave him the qualities of character and honesty which have elevated him to the Re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

publican floor leadership. The fiery Jack Garner, of Texas, the minority floor leader, comes from Uvalde, Texas.

Taking them as a whole the delegations from the big cities like New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago do not seem to contribute the men of influence in the House which one might expect from the importance of these cities in the industrial and financial life of the country. States with half the population of the metropolitan area have a greater share in legislation than the entire delegation from New York City. An explanation of the comparative lack of influence of the delegations from the big cities may be the fact that, other things being equal, a rural member finds it easier to remain in Congress than his city confrère. Few urban men can hold a district under control for so long a period as did the late Martin Madden of Illinois. The constituents of a rural congressman are apt to be fixtures, and he has therefore a better opportunity to gain that personal hold on his district which is so often denied to a representative from the big city whose population is in a constant state of flux. Cooper of Wisconsin, the oldest member in point of service in the present House, hails from Racine; Haugen, the next senior, comes from the small town of Northwood, Iowa. Then comes Pou, on the Democratic side, of Smithfield, North Carolina, followed by Jack Garner. Representatives from the big cities are well down the list of members as ranked by seniority. And seniority usually leads to posts of power and privilege.

Town and country have met as opponents on the national stage, and they will meet again. Cutting athwart sectional and party lines, these two antagonists have already engaged in half a dozen skirmishes on the battlefield of American politics. In the duel over the exclusion of aliens, the battle is one whose stakes may be measured in terms of the loss or gain of political power. The stakes another day may be something else. The 1930 census may be expected to show, as the first decade of urban numerical superiority draws to a close, a still further increase in urban population. With the cleavage in thought and feeling between city and country growing wider, students of American politics will do well to watch later developments in this struggle between town and country.

THE BISHOP TAKES THE FIELD

By FRANKLYN WALTMAN, JR.

BEHIND the political machinations in Virginia of Bishop James Cannon, jr., concrete expression is being given to a new philosophy of government which has been in a process of crystallization in the United States during the course of recent years.

Raskobism and Cannonism are terms used to describe the issues of the fight which has been precipitated by a coalition of the Republicans and anti-Smith Democrats in the Old Dominion, but those terms are generalities. The issue of the campaign has been put into specific language by Frank Lyon, the temporary chairman of the insurgent convention held at Roanoke. "The whole purpose of civilization and the only justification for governments," said Mr. Lyon in his address opening the convention of the Cannonites, "is to restrain the liberty of individuals."

That phrase epitomizes the conception of government on which the recalcitrant Democrats of Virginia hope to build a new party in the United States because they know that they are not alone in this belief. With all observers at the Roanoke meeting these people left no doubt about their sincerity. They feel they are in a holy crusade to save the United States from its "baser passions." Time and again in their speeches they offered evidence that they feel themselves fired by the same patriotism as the colonial Virginia fathers. Nor is their desire to carry their fight into other states an idle speculation, should they win this fall in Virginia. Bishop Cannon is the impelling force behind the insurgent movement in Virginia and he has adjusted his mind to the national horizon.

Victory in the Virginia gubernatorial fight this year means, if anything is certain in politics, that the followers of Bishop Cannon, with him at their head, will take the field next year against Governor Albert C. Ritchie in Maryland or whoever may be his choice for a successor. It means the giving of aid next year to Senator Heflin in Alabama and Senator Simmons in North Carolina against all comers. It undoubtedly will mean opposition for some Democratic members of Congress who have not divorced themselves from the northern wing of the party.

What are the chances of a Cannon victory in Virginia? Of course it is too early to make predictions, but in Dr. William Moseley Brown, former psychology professor at Washington and Lee University, the Cannonites have an aggressive and youthful candidate. Yet he is of the cautious type and already has given evidence that he will resort to evasions whenever he thinks a vote may be captured or retained. Dr. Brown so far has spoken only in the vaguest generalities, endorsing Bishop Cannon's convention platform as well as the Republican platform. Just thirty-five years old, he is distinctly of the go-getter type. For years he has manifested an interest in all kinds of movements and spent two years of his life as a Y. M. C. A. general secretary. Political observers in Virginia assert they cannot see how he can win. These same observers last year said Herbert Hoover did not have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a chance to carry Virginia, but he did by a 25,000-vote majority. It is true that the so-called Hoovercrats capitalized religion in their campaign last fall, but they are doing the same thing again this year. Religion will not be mentioned specifically. It is all very subtle.

Governor Byrd sponsored and persuaded the state to adopt what is called the "short ballot." Anyone with knowledge of governmental reform knows exactly what is meant by that term. The Ku Klux Klan has been fighting the short ballot and the presence of Klan sentiment at the Roanoke meeting was indicated by the wild applause given every denunciation of the short ballot. In 1925 a Catholic named John M. Purcell was elected treasurer but only after the Klan had made a somewhat belated fight against him. Even at that Mr. Purcell just managed to get under the finish line. The short ballot makes the state treasurer an appointive official, by act of the governor, instead of an elective official, as he has been.

As soon as Governor Byrd included this change in his reform program, the Klan commenced their opposition to him, crying out that the whole scheme was a clever plot to perpetuate the Catholic treasurer in office. Dr. Brown, who also denounces the short ballot, has declined to say whether he will appoint Mr. Purcell, regarded as one of the ablest men to hold the position of treasurer. Before the Virginia campaign is over much will be heard about the short ballot and the foregoing is the reason.

In regard to the general purposes and underlying motives of the Cannon movement in Virginia, the keynote address of Mr. Lyon explained many things. The good Bishop's program has mystified many who point out that the fight against Alfred E. Smith is over, that prohibition cannot be an issue when all the candidates in the regular Democratic primary campaign are as dry, if not drier, than the Methodist churchman himself. John Jacob Raskob has nothing to do with Virginia politics. None of the regular Democratic candidates is a Catholic. So, it is asked, what is all the shooting about?

All these conclusions are correct. Nevertheless the names Smith and Raskob, in the minds of the followers of Bishop Cannon, stand for a leadership of liberalism, as opposed to the narrow Puritanism held by so many Southerners and Westerners as the fundamental basis of life and government. For years the division in the Democratic party has been marked between those Bourbons who believe that the "only justification for government is to restrain the liberty of individuals," and those who, like Woodrow Wilson, regard "individual liberty as the objective of all law." The last presidential campaign did not create that issue. It only made the party cleft more discernible and pronounced because Governor Smith, in his campaign, gave a new vitality and color to the tenets enunciated by Jefferson, Cleveland and Wilson.

State issues will play only a small part in the Virginia campaign. Raskobism and Cannonism are national issues and they already have been adopted as the battle cries. It seems strange that a political fight should center around one man who has never lived nor had any personal interests in Virginia, and around another man who has moved his residence to Washington. The people who are giving support and enthusiasm to the anti-Smith movement, called by some wag "bucketeers," have nothing personally against the New York financier. Mr. Lyon referred to him as a "crude, money-making protectionist reputed to have accumulated a hundred of millions of dollars through advance of the stock market value of automobile stock." But that was the day before Bishop Cannon's bucket-shop activities became known.

Raskobism is a word used to symbolize what he stands for, what Smith, Roosevelt, Ritchie, Walsh of Massachusetts and others of the northern wing of the party stand for. What they stand for is compressed in the word "liberalism." As Mr. Lyon understands the word "liberalism," it is one "used freely by those who wish to gratify the coarser passions of man." It signifies the life of the big cities, "overpopulated, foreign-controlled cities." It means habits and thoughts foreign to the Americanism of the mountains, hills and waste stretches of rural sections, men and women who enjoy themselves, dancing, card-playing, attendance at prize fights, betting a dollar or two on horse races—in brief: "appeals to the baser passions of man." These pronouncements on the part of Mr. Lyon were enthusiastically applauded at the meeting over the Roanoke town market. He was the chairman of the Committee of Ten that carried out the arrangements for the convention and was a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination until it appeared Dr. Brown was the choice of Bishop Cannon.

Probably nowhere in the state has the possibility of Cannonism in the saddle at Richmond caused so much uneasiness as at Jefferson's University of Virginia. Unfortunately for it, this institution is under the necessity of seeking state appropriations and thus must subject itself to the rule and whims of the state government. For many months the spirit of Cannonism has been dogging the University. Representations have been made by the minions of the Anti-saloon League to Governor Byrd that the institution has become a place of libertines, of drunkards and what-not. Incidentally this harassing of the University commenced after the presidential campaign in which the faculty and students at Virginia rooted for Al Smith. It will be remembered that the day after the election a band of students draped the campus statue of Jefferson in black and attached to it a card declaring that "religious freedom died in this country on November 6, 1928."

Careful investigation by officers of the state government have found the charges made against the University student body without foundation. But should Cannonism become intrenched in the State House

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

investigators may arrive at different conclusions about the moral state of the University. In fact it may be found necessary to install new administrative officers and it is even possible that Bishop Cannon aspires to the presidency of this time-honored institution.

Even if the present administration at Charlottesville is not ousted, it seems certain that the board of regents named by the incoming governor will have the duty within the next four years of selecting a president for the University.

Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, president since 1904, is enjoying the sunset of an active life. He is sixty-eight years old and his health recently has not been of the best. For years he has wrestled with and successfully resisted the forces of Cannonism, the Anti-saloon League and the puritanical spirit which has swallowed virtually everything else worth while in the Old Dominion.

But now Dr. Alderman is weary and may soon retire. Should he do so it is inevitable that a president to the liking of Bishop Cannon will be named by any board appointed by Dr. Brown. That possibility has thrown a shadow over the quiet University campus whose proud history claims as its own, Wilson and Edgar Allan Poe as well as Jefferson.

Shortly before his death Jefferson wrote the epitaph for his tombstone. Two-thirds up the little hill to his home, Monticello, surrounded by iron grating rests the body of Jefferson. Carved in stone the words of this epitaph are discernible to all who chance by that way. They read:

Here was buried
Thomas Jefferson
Author of
The Declaration of American Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for religious freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia.

In the Mist

Often as the wind reposes
In the lily-blossomed field,
I have, like the wind, appealed
To your lips of roses.

And your lips are like a bow
Over which come sweetened arrows,
Musical as white-throat sparrows,
Arrows light as snow.

You are but a dream I follow,
Yet 'tis lovely all the way,
Haunting with a misty fay
Copse and tarn and hollow.

And my Helen never knows
When I watch the mist beyond her,
And in vale with you I wander
Out of earthly woes.

JOHN LEE HIGGINS.

SUN TAN: THE LATEST FAD

By JAMES J. WALSH

IN A series of warnings to bathers in preparation for the great summer exodus to beaches and other bathing places Dr. Shirley Wynne, Commissioner of Health of New York City, suggested that vacationers should not try to get tanned in a day or two, since any such rapid change of the skin can scarcely fail to do harm. This advice has been reëchoed by a number of health officials throughout the country and has been emphasized particularly by dermatologists whose expert knowledge of skin affections makes their opinion so significant. They very properly indicate the various risks to health that are associated with undue exposure to the sun under very high temperatures.

We have heard so much in recent years of the wonderful health-giving effects of sunlight that there is danger lest people forget that overexposure to the sun on hot days may prove a source of grave injury. Now that the fad for not wearing hats is spreading among young folks there is distinct peril of sunstroke. When hats fit closely to the head, as is the present fashion among women, they provide a minimum of protection against the sun's rays. Long experience in Egypt and India has demonstrated very clearly that cork helmets and other head coverings which allow a free circulation of air around the head and which carry brims large enough to protect the face from the sun's direct rays, are valuable precautions against what may appropriately be called the malign influence of the sun.

Unfortunately a great many people at the present time are quite convinced that a thoroughgoing coat of tan is a definite index of the greatest possible benefit to health. It is not unusual, therefore, in our city parks and especially along our beaches, to see young folks deliberately exposing themselves to sunlight during long periods. People used, as a rule, to seek the shade, but now, after having heard so much about the benefit of the sun's rays, many choose the open. They seem to think that every possible evidence they can secure of the action of the sunlight upon their skins is definite proof of the accumulation of solar energies in their bodies.

Coats of tan have become so popular recently that enterprising manufacturers of cosmetics have invented a number of skin applications that simulate tanning. It is almost needless to say that under the influence of suggestive advertising, a number of young women are using them, and that some of the young men who slick their hair very carefully are also intent on acquiring a cheap and rapid coat of tan in the same way as their friends of the usually more cosmetic sex. The young women are using it not only on their faces and necks but also on their legs and back for exhibition purposes. A coat of tan in the early part of the sea-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

son is usually supposed to be evidence that the possessors of it have been to Palm Beach for several months of the winter, basking on the sands and enjoying the sunlight down there.

There is no good reason to think, however, that tanning in itself is of any particular service to health. It represents nature's protective reaction against the sun, and the human system is quite capable of setting up such barriers as will prevent injury from sunlight if it is only given the opportunity. It is easy to carry exposure to the sun too far. We may wisely recall that the dwellers in Africa and our own colored inhabitants, their descendants, are exceedingly well tanned as the result of many centuries of exposure to strong sunlight. Their dark color is due to the gathering of pigment in the so-called pigmentary layer of the skin, so as to protect the underlying tissues from the actinic rays of the sun and particularly from their tendency to produce heat effects deeper than the outer layers of the skin. No one thinks for a moment, however, that because of the presence of this color pigmentation in their skin, the Negroes are ever so much healthier than the whites. On the contrary, they are distinctly less healthy and have ever so much less resistive vitality than the white people living in similar conditions near them. Their cutaneous pigmentation protects them from sunstroke and other evil effects of the sun in tropical regions, but it does not increase their immunity to disease. This is particularly true with regard to tuberculosis and other affections that are usually supposed to be very much benefited by exposure to sunlight, and with regard to which we might naturally think that the energizing rays of the sun would increase resistive vitality. The fact of the matter is that when white people acquire a coat of tan that is rather deep in color, the further beneficial action of the sun on them is very largely prevented. Nature reacts to shut out certain harmful rays of the sun, and in so doing also excludes rays that might be beneficial.

Nature, in fact, has very wonderful checks and brakes on human tendencies to exaggeration either in the matter of food taking or exercise or exposure to light or any other unsalutary habits; and this pigmentation of the skin under the influence of sunlight is one of them. Negro children are more liable to suffer from nutritional diseases, and especially from rickets, because the large amount of pigment in their skin actually shuts out the energizing rays of the sun and thus prevents or at least impairs the full activity of vitamins.

It is now known that children who are fed on cod liver oil, or for that matter on cream or other fatty materials the vitamin content of which has not been impaired by having been subjected to heat, derive more good out of these materials if they get out into the sunlight. In Negro children, however, this exposure to sunlight is much less efficient than it is in white children since the actinic rays of the sun cannot penetrate so deeply into the tissues. It must not be forgotten that exposure of some of these materials to sunlight immediately before consumption of them seems to add to their energizing qualities. There are many different rays in sunlight. Some of them are extremely precious and we have only just begun to learn their value. Others are rather seriously disturbing and mankind has known about them for a long while and has invented certain precautions which the fashion of the moment is thrusting aside with results that will surely prove to be harmful rather than beneficial.

The present fad for acquiring a coat of tan, either by the direct action of sunlight or by artificial means, is almost inevitably certain to prevent the very valuable action of the sun in health-giving ways thereafter. The human body has no accumulators but must get its supply both of food and energy every day. The health that is obtained during summer outings is not in direct ratio to the coat of tan that has been rapidly acquired. "Est modus in rebus," moderation in all things is best. The old tendency to get into the shade and stay there on hot days represents a very precious instinct. Trees may not have been invented for the purpose of affording shade but they are marvelous contributors to health as well as to the joy of life.

THE LAST TROUBADOUR

By THÉRÈSE LAUBAUDEN

THE city of Avignon has celebrated the centenary of the birth of Theodore Aubanel, the greatest lyric poet born in Provence since the far-off days of the troubadours, when a Peire Vidal or a Bernart de Ventadour taught courtly Europe the most exquisite and delicate modes of singing of love.

In the Anthology of Occitan Literature, the fame of Aubanel, only a little lower than the glory of Mistral, occupies a place akin to that of Catullus in relation to Virgil, or of Petrarch as compared to Dante. His poems are the outpouring of confidential lyrism, the overflowing of a heart broken by love which, however, made of his ill fortune an enchantment.

Aubanel left only one book, a collection of verse inspired by a single theme, his youthful love for a friend who became a Sister of Charity at the age of twenty-six. "Twenty-five tears changed into diamonds" has been said of these elegies which exhale the same torment, the same chaste and passionate melancholy as the Canzoniere of Petrarch or the Winterreise of Schubert. He chose as a title, La Miougrano-entre-douberto (or The Open Pomegranate) therein alluding to his own ever-open wound.

At Avignon the Aubanels were, and still are, hereditary printers to the Holy See. Until the revolution of 1789, which robbed the Papacy of its "Comtadine" territory they bore the papal arms, as an exclusive privilege, over their door. Here it was that the man came into the world, who, but for an unfortunate love affair, might have been, instead of a great lyric poet, just one of the humble and unknown artizans of that period of literary and political renaissance in Provence called the Félibrige.

Toward 1855 there lived between Arles and Avignon a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little group of young men: Mistral, Roumanille, Aubanel, Paul Arène, Alphonse Daudet. A common ideal animated them, the revival of the Langue d'oc which had given mediaeval literature some of its proudest and yet most delicate flowers and which now, because of the successful invasion of the Langue d'oïl, was reduced to the status of a patois and restricted to popular proverbs, watch-night stories and almanacs.

Sometimes this cenacle of fiery young poets met at Maillane, at Mistral's house, the Mas du Juge, and sometimes at Avignon, at the Aubanel Press. But even more often it was at the Giéras, a friendly family whose son wrote and who owned a small place between Venosque and Carpentras, the Font-Ségugne, verdant and rich in springs, to which the Félibres, in memory of their happy youth, dedicated a garland of brindes and votive poems.

Font-Ségugne—wrote Mistral in his Memori e Raconté—was the cradle of a glorious dream, a gentle "cour d'amour" on a hillside, amid blue distances, with a flight of young men who worshiped beauty under three kinds: poetry, love and Provence, for them synonymous, and a few gracious, laughing girls to keep them company.

It is there "amid pools and ivy-covered benches" that, in the spring of 1850, Aubanel met Jenny Manivet who was to be the Zani of The Open Pomegranate, and out of whom the poet's devotion created the most angelic figure of Occitan literature since that "Princesse Lointaine" who many hundred years ago inspired the troubadour Jaufré Rudel with equally plaintive harmonies.

Jenny Manivet was a friend of the daughter of the house. She was a tall, thin girl with dark plaits and full lips often parted in a melancholy smile. A face without real beauty, but veiled by that expressive languor which so often arouses sentiment. She was the incarnation of yearning, secret reserve amid the laughter and light-heartedness of her companions. She at once struck the imagination of Aubanel.

In 1854, Aubanel, while staying in Rome, received a letter from his friend Roumanille, announcing that Jenny Manivet was going to become a Sister of Charity of Saint Vincent de Paul. The terrible shock he experienced at this news made Aubanel realize how much he loved her. But being deeply religious, he neither uttered any complaints nor showed any signs of rebellion. "I read your letter," he wrote to his friend, "and from the beginning understood all. 'Oh my God,' I said. I fell on my knees and prayed and wept. I wept as one weeps for someone very dear who is going to die. Oh my God! Jenny is going!"

Quickly he returned, hoping to see her at least once again. There was a parting scene between the young girl and her little court of poets, the last minutes being given to the most fervent of them all, to the pure intercourse of two hearts filled by faith and love with unspeakable melancholy. And from the twofold sorrow there came forth the immortal poems, one by one like vermeil seeds out of the wounded fruit!

"Je paraissais heureuse et j'étais sans repos," she said to Aubanel before leaving—a pure Racinian line, unconsciously uttered, and for a keepsake she gave him the rosary she had prayed on as a child.

Henceforth Zani, once out of the novitiate, was known as Sister Agnes. At first she taught little girls at Bourg-Argental, then in 1856 she was sent to Paris to nurse in the Hôpital Necker. And there it was that she had to endure the last pangs of earthly love. Friends from Avignon visited her and spoke of the past. They called to her mind the resignation and ardor of the man who accepts but cannot forget. She learned that his poems were full of her. And she replied: "Here the soul is glad but the heart is suffering." And again: "Something is making me ill which is not an illness." Does this not sound like an echo, sorrowful but purified by sacrifice, of Iseult's lament:

"Tout ce que je sais me tourmente et tout ce que je vois—le ciel me tourmente et cette mer, et mon corps et ma vie."

He sent her a flower and begged for a photograph. Sister Agnes was troubled; her memories were breaking her heart. Then came hard but salutary intervention. Her superiors decided she must leave France where she could not find peace, and ordered her to Constantinople. From there onward she was beyond the reach of worldly ties, shadows of a shadow, phantoms of a dream. Two years later Aubanel recalled her temporarily to life and bequeathed her memory to literary posterity by publishing, in 1860, his La Miougrano-entre-duberto.

Sister Agnes was destined to endure the torments of sentimental unrest, which gave her life a secret and touching sense, for many years. Her place of residence was changed eighteen times. "Without repose," as she described herself, so she remained until she was at last released to go to her final rest. She died in 1886, the same year as Aubanel. He, too, was buried in a religious habit—in the cagoule of the White Penitents whose rule he had piously kept throughout life. Thus, by a mysterious telepathy, time was dealt out equally to each. They died without seeing each other again, and, singularly pathetic detail, without ever having exchanged, since they first met, a single letter.

Poetry and love were one for Aubanel. His love was a cult which makes life with its grave or joyful emotions a perpetual offering for the beloved. His verses formed a bouqet of sentiments whose perfumes were rare and suavely blended. In this, Aubanel followed the traditions of the troubadours. Like them he created poetry out of the most fugitive elements: he vivified and adorned fleeting contingencies of the hour in order to present them to the object of his devotions. "I delight," he wrote to a friend, "in attaching a memory to everything, to a flower, a fruit, a leaf, a color. Thus a host of insignificant objects, dull ones to a lot of people, appeal to me and move me and stir me profoundly."

But what gives the poems of the Miougrano-entre-duberto a loftiness and a magnificence not to be found in the finest achievements of courtly poetry is the fact that they soar above the order of the purely profane to almost mystical heights. The Melissinde of Jaufré Rudel, the Laura of Petrarch, although inaccessible, remain, notwithstanding, creatures of flesh for their poets. Zani transcends the sphere of human realizations—Aubanel regards her as someone set aside, an angelic creature who has paused in its flight an instant close to him, in order to give him a foretaste of heavenly beatitude. In this manner Zani is as near to Beatrice as to Laura. Aubanel's love disembodies her and his poetry is akin to that of those troubadours who offered loving litanies of mystical lyrism to Our Lady rather than to the others who dedicated verses to the queens of the courts of love. In it there alternates burning passion, vehement despair, with the most peaceful resignation. Rising ceaselessly and falling, at times aflame with terrestial fire, at others cool and divinely fragrant, these immortal Elégies are "from the land and the sea. . . . The one is soft as the moving air but the other is panting, fiery and full of bitterness." These qualities make the work of the great Occitan poet unique in the literature of his land.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SONNETS

Long Drought Broken

The clock that has stopped begins to tick again
And out of an empty sky falls eager rain
That has long been given up for lost by the men
Who stand, eyes dry with light, lips parched with pain,
Watching it fall. Then rather suddenly
The interrupted weeks begin to pass
Again as they always have, as suddenly
As a woman commences to cry, and while the sky

Starts raining spattering drops upon the grass
The afternoon is broken silently
By intermittent showers into several parts
Any one of which, applied to broken hearts,
So Merlin claims, will make them heal together
And knit back whole, perfect, light as a feather.

MERRILL MOORE.

Requiem for an Architect

Here is he laid who once knew lust and laughter,
Here is the gentle, here the glad, the brave;
Here in a wooden house whose briefest rafter
Bears but a rose to crown its architrave.
Here has the builder taken domicile,
Joining the meek, the merry and the mad
Who hold with wren and willow on the hill
Allegiance to what little life they had.

He, who with Babels conquered peak and cloud,
Inhabits now the home of mole and mouse;
Now in the secret wisdom of the shroud
Does he behold the star-etched map of sky
And wonder how, before he came to die,
He thought it was the blue-print of his house?

ERNEST HARTSOCK.

Sonnet for a Young Girl

I see her on the street car every day
With flower hands clasped lightly in her lap;
Or standing—much too small to reach the strap—
Poised slimly to the undulating sway.
A delicately powder-pollened fay
With frail wings, unsuspected, bound beneath
The casings of her frock's brown silken sheath,
As rose leaves fettered by a backward May.

Can petals guess the fervidness of sun?
Or untried wings the glory-sense of flight?
Or a girl know her loveliness is one
With moon-moths drifting down the path of night?
Or that at length even elf-fragile bones
Will lie untroubled by a weight of stones?

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER.

Journey

The night came swift upon us, like an arrow
The bow of darkness pointed to the road;
Blue shadows tangled at our feet. A sparrow
Was blinded by the darkness; like a toad
It thumped against the branches and its wing
Was fettered with the nightfall. Its small eyes
Could single out no path for journeying;
No orphan star came wandering down the skies.

It quivered at our feet again, afraid;
As shadows grope, we picked our quiet way
Darker than death is dark, with nothing said.
The moon came up; the words we sought to say
Were lost in so much silver, and the flight
Of one lone sparrow winging through the night.

DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY.

Watch

In shadows fostered by the candles' gleam,
These things inanimate surged warm with life,
Until the room was filled with noiseless strife;
The carven wood pulsed with a vigorous stream;
The branching veins in this cold mantel stone
Throbbed with strange ichor, and this writhing chair
Stretched aching arms as though it could not bear
Its emptiness; and you, oh, you alone

Amid this quickening, this flux and sweep
Of monstrous energy, lay marble-still;
Nor could I cheat my tortured eyes to see
You stir one instant from unbreathing sleep,
Nor with the utmost effort of my will
Deny your pact with immobility.

RUTH PARR.

Analysis

If you would paint me true, study my eyes.
Not the long, heavy lid, the curving lash,
But what is there behind a frail disguise,
The deeper sight, the inward-speaking flash.
Only the mind's scrutiny may discern
This ingrained, eager, jealous love of living,
This hateful longing which will always burn
With the false flame of taking without giving.

Draw, if you will, the mouth set slenderly.
Loop the hair deftly, touch its lights with gold.
Let the slim hands be folded tenderly,
But discipline your brush to eyes steel-cold.
Paint them with all their greed of trivial pelf.
The world shall know me as I know myself!

SARAH LITSEY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMUNICATIONS

WITH AN EYE ON THE TARIFF

Des Moines, Ia.

TO the Editor:—A great many people have only a vague idea of what the tariff is effecting for us. They know in a general way that we have a tariff, and that it has contributed considerably to our commercial prosperity. I am far from clear on some points connected with it. I shall be glad if my letter initiates a discussion upon tariffs, so that your readers, including myself, may acquire clearer ideas upon the subject.

Tariffs used to be defended for two chief reasons: first, they made revenue; secondly, they protected and fostered budding industries.

Under the first heading, many wiseacres rejoiced in the idea of making foreign manufacturers pay our taxes. But did they? When a tax was put upon a foreign-manufactured commodity, the price of that commodity went up at once by so much, indeed by something more, too. The percentage the various merchants added to cover expenses and profits was calculated upon the amount paid as tariff, as well as upon the original cost of the commodity. Then the home manufacturer producing a similar commodity boosted his prices so as to make them equal to those of the foreign manufacturer. The consumer paid all, and the foreign manufacturer took away his original, full, first price. Indeed, the consumer paid much more than the revenue secured by the tariff. He paid that in its entirety, with the margin of profit referred to above, and he paid as well a corresponding amount on the home-manufactured product. The tariff then causes an all-around increase in the prices of manufactured goods affected by it, whether home or foreign, and only a fraction of the increase goes toward revenue.

The second line of defense appears to be on better ground. Infant industries always have a period of struggle on account (perhaps) of limited capital, of insufficient experience, the slowness of users to buy the product of a new industry and the consequent difficulty of finding a market. Sometimes an established industry catering for the same market will reduce prices for a period, sacrificing its own gains in the expectation that a corresponding reduction in prices for the new industry will wipe out its profits or even more, and consequently kill it and so destroy competition. This is, of course, unfair. There is little possibility of dealing with this unfairness between domestic industries, but everyone feels that a foreign industry should not be allowed to influence prices this way. Accordingly, a charge is made at the port of entry on all manufactured goods, and then, though the foreign manufacturer may sacrifice his profits, the tariff will raise his prices so far above first cost that the home industry will be able to sell its products as cheaply as the foreign one does, and still make gains. Thus the tariff protects the struggling industry against unfair foreign competition.

Of course, when an industry gets on its feet, it should be able to take care of itself without any tariff. A tariff as an assistance to an established industry only enables the home manufacturers to extract prices from their patrons that will enrich them rapidly. There are thus possibilities of the abuse of the tariff.

A recent writer has suggested that the tariff helps to stabilize the home market, that a suitable tariff would have been a preventive to the economic disturbances of 1920-1921, which the writer asserted were caused by overproduction and flooded markets followed by the shutting down of many mills and widespread unemployment. I confess I am unable to see the connection, and I should be pleased if some skilled economist would elucidate it.

Besides fostering a growing industry, the tariff often keeps a threatened industry alive. In England, some years ago, when wheat-growing and flour-milling were being strangled by competition with the products of our United States and elsewhere, Mr. Chamberlain, who was then a very prominent English politician, advocated a duty on imported flour and wheat, and assured the workman that a small duty would not affect the price of bread. The English working-man is a slow thinker, and very hard to convince; besides, he was bred under free trade and feared the innovation. Beyond that he was able to see that Chamberlain was somewhat sparing of the truth. Chamberlain lost out. I believe his campaign would have been successful had he put the alternative clearly: a small tariff would save the industry, and it would be better to have bread a little more costly with many more having wages to pay for it, than keep bread at its previous price and have many thrown out of work and starving.

Working-men in this country are led to believe that the tariff is a great boon to them; that it has been the cause of their high wages, comfortable living and general prosperity. The wages of an ordinary workman here are indeed higher than those paid for similar work in most other countries, and this no doubt is due to the tariff. The tariff increases prices, and when the cost of living increases notably, wages must go upward too. But it must be remembered that, of the net gains secured to an industry by the tariff, the lion's share does not always go to the workers engaged therein. Indeed, it is a question if the higher wages the workman has been able to secure here are sufficient to offset the higher cost of living in this country. To my mind, the British working-man with his lower wages and lower cost of living, is more comfortable than the corresponding American workman.

F. REYNOLDS.

MR. BIXEL AGAIN

South Pasadena, Cal.

TO the Editor:—This is re W. A. Bixel's scattering shot in your issue of June 12 and also re Mexicans in Los Angeles.

Your correspondent says he deals with Mexicans of the "better" class who say they do not miss the clergy. Also he says that in Los Angeles the Mexicans are all Catholics "but here there are not enough of them who go to church to make a good congregation." I wonder where he looks for them. They are not especially welcome in some American congregations. Does he go to the specially Mexican churches which Bishop Cantwell has so liberally provided for them?

For all that has been provided there are still not enough accommodations for the multitudes. Of course there are numbers of Mexicans who are not practical Catholics if judged by their attendance at Sunday Mass. But I am quite sure from forty years contact with them (not the so-called better classes, for whom I shall not attempt to speak but the masses, the common people) that no people love or care more for their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

religion than they. I was a Protestant once, the daughter of an Anglican clergyman, who went out to convert them and returned converted. I learned their language and spent hours among them. Of course my experiences were mostly confined to the homes. I repeat that no one has a deeper or more fervent devotion than the average poor Mexican.

On June 2, I took part in the great Corpus Christi procession in the Belvedere district of Los Angeles from the Church of Our Lady of Guadeloupe to Our Lady of Soledad, a distance of a mile. We marched in the streets up hill and down dale. The people were crowded on the sidewalks and on the roofs. The Blessed Sacrament was escorted by a goodly number of Knights of Columbus (Mexican). All around me were fervent men and women "of the better classes." One family with whom I marched consisting of an old lady and two young women and two young men, had come some forty miles (from Ontario, California) to be present. As we pressed nearer to the Blessed Sacrament, I heard her uttering over and over, "Es Porfirio, Es Porfirio." At last I asked who Porfirio was.

"It is the priest who was driven out of Nogales. I brought him up." I followed her eyes, and they rested upon a fine, tall young priest who walked backward as he swung the censer before the Most Holy. With us there was also a young enthusiastic American girl who had come from Redondo Beach. She was bent on capturing some flowers from a garden near the beginning of the march.

"Oh, how I like to see her enthusiasm," murmured the old lady. "She seems like a genuine Catholic." (If Mr. Bixel could hear some of the comments of the Mexican Catholics on our coldness, he might be astonished to learn that this deluded race imagines that they are really better Catholics than we.)

Now this was an extraordinary occasion, of course. Up in the Mexican Chapel of Our Lady of Guadeloupe in Pasadena, I often have the delight of assisting at the nightly (not weekly) rosary. There is always a good attendance of men and women. Father Huerta of Guadalajara always reads some spiritual comment for them. One night he was telling them about a wonderful celebration in honor of the Sacred Heart in Guadalajara, when all Mexico was dedicated to the Saviour. This was, I think, about six years ago. He said that the whole city took part in this celebration, and it seemed to mark the outburst of Satan's rage, for it was a national dedication.

If I might be allowed to give what was the root difficulty in Mexico, I should say it was lack of organization among the Catholics, induced by discouragement. This enabled all the bureaucrats to be raging radicals. There were not enough priests and they were too confined to the cities.

ANNA F. RUTH.

OUR ORPHANED INVESTMENTS

Providence, R. I.

TO the Editor:—Our Orphaned Investments, by John Carter, in The Commonweal for July 10, 1929, presents a transparent apologia for our continued "favorable balance of trade" of approximately a billion dollars a year, which trade balance, plus interest, represents our foreign investments. The European war debts are made up by the same nefarious process of robbing the workers of the United States.

"So far," says Mr. Carter, "not even the most far-sighted of foreign observers has suggested the very simple and obvious conclusion that we do not want these investments repaid, either in goods or in cash."

Why doesn't John Carter, as one associated with the State Department in Washington, make the direct statement that we do not want these investments repaid? Because if the American people were so informed they would put an end to the continued foreign investment of a billion dollars a year, which means the robbery of the workers of this country of that amount of value of their annual product. It is only on the pretense that we insist on payment of Europe's debt to us that the annual robbery in the guise of "a favorable balance of trade" is carried on.

How can the workers stop the robbery? We are now supposed to have a high tariff, "although two-thirds of our imports come in duty free," as Mr. Carter says. Put a tariff on the great bulk of present free imports, and then the capitalists will not finance foreign investments because they cannot be "refinanced"; because the goods in payment cannot be brought to this country. At present our foreign investments are like putting money in a bank: we do not intend to withdraw any great amount, rather we hope to add to our deposits. The great free list of imports permits the deception that we are in a position to be paid for our surplus exports, so we continue to invest abroad, every dollar of such investment representing robbery of the workers in this country.

M. P. CONNERY.

SKETCH OF A CASUAL ACQUAINTANCE

Wilson, Pa.

TO the Editor:—I have an acquaintance who is a minor superintendent in a plant subsidiary to a large industrial corporation. In appearance he is ordinary: physically and mentally inclined to obesity but neat in attire, a member of a nearby country club where he plays golf because it is the thing to do, a dabbler in the stock market because it is the thing he prefers to do him, one who affects a modernistic attitude toward the great simple facts of life, an attitude which is the expression of his gleanings from the more popular of the quasi-serious magazines.

My contacts with this gentleman are never more than casual; however, from mutual friends I gather that he is a "good scout," that his locker at the club is never bare, that he is bent on wresting from life its last bit of material comfort and pleasure. In short: a bon viveur.

Recently he accosted me, and his first half-dozen words unmistakably warned of his condition. He was under the influence. The glance of his restless eye in which lurked a curious blend of defiance and fear, the antics of his mental processes which revealed agility sans logic, together with an instant readiness to take umbrage, to catch up and distort plain meanings, all betrayed his abject thraldom to a very potent narcotic.

Some ironical comments of mine published in a local journal anent the ineptness and stupid cruelty marking current efforts at dry law enforcement seemingly impelled him to address me. And for several minutes I was lectured.

His remarks included fulsome approval of our "noble experiment," laudation of the agents culpable in recent slaughters of the innocents mistaken for rum runners; and he heartily endorsed federal exoneration of these agents. Nor did he omit to pay his respects to the victims of "experiment" tragedies. As he quaintly phrased it, "you never can tell about these birds"; and darkly he hinted, "where there's smoke there's fire, you know." The oration wound up with a sulphurous attack on "these wop" bootleggers who supply "our men" with "hooch." This last, I gathered, was to him the unpardonable sin.

I timidly suggested that abstinence on the part of himself

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and men of his stamp might go far toward reducing the number of bootleggers. This was received with a contemptuous snort and the illuminating statement that his liquor was imported from Canada.

Equally futile was my plea, in extenuation of "wop" delinquency, that moonshining, with its attendant bootlegging, are arts practised by citizens of Scotch, Irish, English and Welsh extraction, resident through many generations in our Southland. To him "wop" and "bootlegger" were syononymous. Amplifying phrases with a familiar ring, such as "undesirable aliens," "peoples incapable of living for the ends we aim at," "middle and south Europeans from races with moral standards lower than our own," these and more of the same tenor, shot at me accusatorially, served to strengthen my surmise that he had been imbibing national-origins propaganda too.

Here I sadly took leave of my acquaintance. He was so palpably under the influence.

Since the advent of the "experiment," indulgence in this narcotic is assuming alarming proportions in our fair land; and it is melancholy to observe one's friends falling under its baneful spell. Confirmed addicts are deaf to all pleas to throw off its shackles; besottedly they cherish their vice and bask in the illusions it creates.

But the poignant thing about it all is that the very crusaders to whom we have come to look for statutory protection from the semblance of temptation not only blandly ignore the horrid effects of this poison, but themselves indulge it to excess; many of them appearing to be addicts in an advanced stage of mental dissolution.

I fear I have forgotten to name the thing. I refer to Spiritus Pharisaeis.

JEROME BLAKE.

THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA

Luzon, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In your issue of July 17, one of your reviewers characterizes The Devil and the Deep Sea, by Elizabeth Jordan, as a "tepid" tale, and admits that he valorously resisted sleep right through to the end. The book jingles with mystery, its characters are animatedly and faithfully drawn, its plot strikingly original, its humor rich and spontaneous, the style smooth, with peaks of excitement at the right moment. How can such a tale be called "tepid"? The reviewer's palate must like blood-curdling. There is no detective in this mystery because Miss Jordan's fertile brain did not need one. I am sorry the reviewer could not find one merit in the book to praise instead of condemning it wholesale. Is this the way to boost Catholic writers?

EDYTHE HELEN BROWNE.

HELP FOR THE MISSIONS

Eaglemount, Simla E., India.

TO the Editor:—Your timely remarks on Help for the Missions in the issue of April 17, will be highly appreciated by every missionary reading it. By the way, Pierre Crabitès in his article, Emancipation in Retrospect, in the issue of April 10, says: "George V, the present monarch, took the oath in the old form. . . . In 1910 the declaration of 1689 was abolished."

But it will be realized that George V was crowned June, 1911, hence he could not have taken the abolished oath, but took it in the new form.

FATHER MARTIN, O.M. Cap.

BOOKS

From Jamestown to '65

Life and Labor in the Old South, by Ulrich B. Phillips. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

AS THE second American Revolution—the industrial revolution—makes its way southward, the land of Dixie takes on more and more of a paradoxical nature. There is the South of the industrial centres, and the South of skyscraper cities. There is the South of the tenant farmer, impoverished inheritor of agricultural methods of slavery times. There is the South of the serious-minded, forward-looking Negro of the Robert Russa Moton type. There is the South of lynchings, and there is a fair-minded South. There is a South that is no longer "solid."

Back of all this there was a dismal period, the period of Mr. Mencken's "Sahara of the Bozart." More and more scholars have come to place the blame for that period quite as much upon the shoulders of the northern "terrorists" who, against the ideals of Lincoln and Andrew Johnson, delivered the South into the sterilizing hands of partizan hatred, as upon the shoulders of those benighted persons who wished to maintain the old slavocracy. The conclusions reached by these iconoclastic scholars seem logical, for history has never been a matter of clear-cut blacks and whites.

But behind the barricade of the Civil War we are still prone to think in terms that are entirely too sweeping regarding the civilization that collapsed with the defeat of Lee. We cling to the ancient stereotypes: the punctilious planter; the Kentucky colonel with the fondness for mint juleps; the wailing slave who, with Whittier, mourned, "Gone, gone, sold and gone, to the rice swamp dank and lone"; the overseer who had eternal recourse to the lash; the po' white trash debilitated by hookworm; the benign Negro mammy; and the runaway black trying to slip northward to the underground railway. It is to the correction of such juvenile categories of thought that Professor Phillips has addressed himself in this packed volume, a volume, incidentally, that received a $2,500 prize from Little, Brown and Company for the "best unpublished work in American history" written in 1928.

Professor Phillips, a Georgian by birth, has made an extremely thorough, documented survey of the old southern civilization. With malice toward none, with charity for all, he has examined document after document, the diaries and commercial jottings of plantation owner and overseer, the letters of slaves and plain people and gentry, the records of cotton, rice and sugar prices, the costs of slaves in Virginia, the Southeast and the Southwest. He gives us a broad picture of the South in the words of those who lived in it between the Jamestown days and 1865; he quotes from those who took slavery as a matter of course, and from Fanny Kemble, the actress who married a slave owner with prejudice in her heart against the "peculiar institution." He shows us that overseers were as varied a class as factory foremen are today, that some of them erred on the side of leniency, that some of them pursued a sensible middle ground, that a remainder treated the Negro very unjustly indeed.

And not only is the institution of slavery considered from all available angles, but the economic and ethnic factors that shaped the old South independent of the peculiar institution are made plain. Professor Phillips analyzes the natural conditions of the southern United States, the soil that will not "stay put," whether it be loess of the Mississippi valley or the un-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mixed product of disintegrated rocks—sand and clay—of the coastal plain. Most of the Dixie soil goes without frost and the subsequent mellowing thaw, and becomes hard-packed under a summer sun, and the growers of the great southern staples have had to contend with these factors.

Southern architecture, ranging from tastes in log cabins to Monticello and hermitages, is investigated by Professor Phillips, and so are such items as southern diet, southern manners, the morals of overseers, attempts to grow indigo in South Carolina, the "color" of old New Orleans, the education of children, the laws against educating Negroes, etc. The Jacksonian frontier era, in all its diversity, its mingling of transplanted culture and border uncouthness, is faithfully reflected, always with corrective recourse to documents of the time.

Altogether, too much cannot be said in favor of Professor Phillips's manner of writing history, a manner that is even-tempered, inclusive and clear.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

Life in the Hotel Daedalus

Balloon, by Padraic Colum. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

FROM a book of maxims attributed to a certain eastern sage I cull this timely advice: "Beware of misjudging a man through ignorance of his motives." Were Mr. Padraic Colum at hand, I should immediately insist upon an interview and thus escape the implied prophecy of such warning. But he is inaccessible, not only to me as reviewer of his book but also to the many who will read Balloon. Should he really not tell us a bit more clearly just what he is trying to do through the medium of his confusing and yet intriguing comedy?

Balloon is a four-act play with some thirty-five characters who flash in and out like the signal lights on a telephone switchboard and whose identities tend to become, perhaps are meant to be, wellnigh inextricable. Its scene is laid in Megalapolis, the first act taking place in an open square before the great Hotel Daedalus, and the succeeding acts on succeeding floors of the hotel. The theme or thesis would seem to center in Caspar, who in the first act is occupied in the square with urging people to gaze, at the cost of a bit of silver, upon the mountains, extinct volcanoes and empty seas of the moon, but who eagerly forsakes his contemplative occupation to search for the heroes in the active life of the great hotel. These celebrities, much sought after by the press, range from a noted prize-fighter and a movie actress to an ambassador and a minister of war, and seemingly typify all those who, in the words of the fighter's friend, have sufficient "nerve" and "get-up" to crash into and through life with success. The action, hilarious and kaleidoscopic in the extreme, is directed toward the much-advertised flight of a balloon, which is to be staged by the movie star, but which never comes off.

Obviously the idea promulgated by Caspar, who symbolizes the contemplative life, is that one cannot come over into any world except that for which he is temperamentally destined; obviously the play is built around this idea. But why must the reader's mind be so confused in the rather simple inception of such a truth? Why this overly noisy concatenation of characters and of circumstance? Why such bizarre behavior even on the part of the dreamers, Glock, the clown, Paras Veka, the gypsy and Caspar himself? Why so few memorable lines from the pen of an artist who has, in other books, given us so many?

These questions remain unsolved in the mind of at least one reviewer. Must they not remain unsolved in the minds of other readers? The jacket suggests that Balloon is based on modern philosophical ideas, that the action takes place in a Spenglerian world. So much the worse for the average reader! Spengler with his Second Cosmos of World History, governed by destiny rather than causality, his life processes, his cultures and their resultant and declining civilizations must be rather an honorable point of ignorance for most readers of plays. Perhaps, however, the mind which has encountered a good dose of Spengler may resemble in its perplexing, dizzy whirl of impressions the mind which has tried to grasp Mr. Colum's Balloon.

For whether or not the inmates of the Hotel Daedalus symbolize an inevitably declining civilization and Caspar and his friends the rise of a new and spiritual culture, Balloon must remain a play whose appeal is limited by its obscurity. And it is a pity. Mr. Colum's clown, who in his friendly chat and in his hold on eternal things reminds one of Jasper Petulengro, is too appealing a character to be lost in confusion and perplexity, and surely never was there a time when the claims of the life contemplative might be better (and more clearly!) urged.

MARY ELLEN CHASE.

Dante's Background

Mediaeval Culture, by Karl Vossler. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $8.00.

THOUGH Dr. Vossler's two-volume treatise is concerned with the work and background of Dante, the title selected for it is by no means misleading. Like so many other vast German syntheses of cultural history, the present book comments upon every aspect of the subject and even grows into something like a colossal historical Weltanschauung. It is therefore difficult to estimate either as a whole or in detail. I may remark, however, that the quality seems to me strikingly high and uniform. Excepting the great work of F. X. Kraus, this may well come to be considered the only indispensable German volume dealing with the author of the Divina Commedia.

After a somewhat personal introduction—a comparison between the Divina Commedia and Faust, which might well have been omitted from the American edition—our author plunges into a discussion of belief in a future life. This serves to illustrate that development of dogma which, the author assures us, could only have been effected by a mediaeval Church which it therefore behooves us to respect. To this Church and its dogma Dante was fervently loyal, though "in practice he found numberless evil conditions and usages to record." Viewed from the standpoint of piety as exemplified in mediaeval saints, the Commedia is the story of a religious conversion. Regarded as the expression of a reasoning mind, it is the testimony of an endeavor to defend that conversion against criticism.

There follows a summary of ancient and mediaeval philosophy, in which discussion is concentrated upon the "opposition between faith and knowledge." To a Catholic reader this will seem the most ambitious and least satisfactory part of Vossler's treatise. But the analysis of Dante himself as a thinker and scholastic seems quite the best brief discussion of this subject. Here, as in the later sections on mediaeval church history and ethics, the point of view is primarily historical, and as objective as one may properly expect. About details, either of fact or of interpretation, there is naturally plenty of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEXT WEEK

Though reduced once again to summer dimensions, The Commonweal for next week is full to the brim with exceptional material. William C. Murphy, jr., whose papers have been widely noticed, has written an account —tentatively entitled MANILA HEMP—of the Finance Committee's deliberations anent the tariff. . . . Most of one's summer reading is done in fiction, so that one of the most helpful things a magazine can do is to discuss fiction. Father C. C. Martindale's MAURICE BARING'S NOVELS is not merely satisfactory criticism, but also an intimate portrait of one of the most important among living English writers of fiction. We consider this an unusual paper. . . . Americana are always of moment and so Elizabeth Dickens Schaffer's ESTAVAN: EARLY AMERICAN NEGRO ought to be a welcome entry on the bill of fare. Estavan was a Moor who went from Tampa Bay in 1528 with the Narvaez expedition. His adventures proved to be extraordinary. . . . In A WORLDWIDE LEAGUE of TEACHER-MOTHERS Ella Francis Lynch outlines the familiar idea so dear to her heart and worthy of consideration by parents now engaged in worrying about the education of their youngsters. . . . The pleasant reflective essay consorts well with leisure, incident to so many summers. DOWN THE ROAD EAST, by Leo R. Ward, is an essay of just this sort. . . . And there will be as many other good things as we can crowd into the space allotted.

room for disagreement. The present brief review cannot busy itself with them.

Volume two deals with the literary background and problems of Dantean verse. Almost everything that scholarship has demonstrated with regard to influences and forerunners is here sifted with a judicious, if occasionally a somewhat pedantic eye. The comparatively few pages devoted to the troubadours and the beginnings of Italian literature are models of their kind, and one commends the discussion of the Beatrice problem to all whom that has fascinated (and their number is legion). Vossler next proceeds to treat of Dante as an artist, and of his great poem as a work of the imagination. A preference is expressed for the classical mode of approach, and in accordance with this the several portions of the Commedia are examined. The exposition is not only competent but absorbing as well. It extricates what is essential from the mass of extant commentary, thereby rendering the average student a great service.

Vossler does not supplant the more special treatises on Dante but sums them up in a manner which unlocks a strange intellectual and historical world to the serious, inquisitive mind. Perhaps he has attempted too much; but one is greatly impressed with what he has achieved. The translation, by William Cranston Lawton, is far superior to the average rendering of German, and one's chief regret on this score is the absence of original Italian parallels for the quotations from the poet himself. Almost every reader of a work such as this would like something more than Cary's or the equivalent English. Mr. J. E. Spingarn has provided a bibliography, learned and long, the necessity for which I fail to discern.

AMBROSE FARLEY.

Studies in Authority

The Church; papers from the Summer School of Catholic Studies held at Cambridge, 1927, edited by C. Lattey, S.J. New York: B. Herder Book Company. $2.50.

COLLECTED papers read at the Cambridge Summer School, 1927, are necessarily short and disconnected. The ten contributors represent the best Catholic scholarship in England.

The Old Testament is briefly handled here by Dr. Arendzen, who treats of the place of the Jewish race in the scheme of salvation. Father Martindale deals with the New Testament and shows that it is impossible to deny that Christ intended to found a Church unless one is willing to reject the Acts of the Apostles and ruthlessly to slash the Gospels to suit one's own theory.

Father Hugh Pope contributes two papers. In the first he carries on the argument for the existence of the Church as the mystical body of Christ; later he gives a most interesting account of the Donatist schism. Reverend P. G. M. Rhodes contributes a short introduction to the ante-Nicene Fathers showing the fallacy of interpreting them by the standard of more clearly defined orthodoxy which came after their time. Reverend J. H. Byrne treats of the important reigns of Leo the Great and Saint Gregory the Great, giving his readers a proper view-point of the changing conditions of the western empire. Perhaps, the most useful contribution is the paper on The Notes of the Church, by Reverend Bernard Grimley, who arranges his matter with a conciseness which will be valuable to those who are giving instruction on the nature of the Church. The Very Reverend Richard Downey speaks of the indefectibility and infallibility of the Church, chiefly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from the standpoint of the age of the Council of Trent when manifest corruptions had made men wonder if the promise of Christ had been fulfilled. The important question of jurisdiction as distinct from the teaching and sanctifying offices of the Church is ably treated by the Reverend L. W. Geddes, S.J. He shows that this is a matter which has been greatly misunderstood by those who place the essence of Catholicity in the mere possession of valid orders. Dom Chapman, than whom no one living knows more of the subject, throws some fresh light on the Byzantine schism and its later developments. He shows that Photius was not the author of the schism as is popularly supposed.

The last essay is contributed by a layman, Joseph Clayton, F.R.H.S. Its subject is the English disruption in the sixteenth century. England was lost to the Faith through lack of clergy, lack of guidance, compromise with the new order and to the hope of Rome and Spain that Elizabeth would eventually be reconciled; a hope that the queen played with until it was too late to do anything. A new sense of national power made it essential that only one religion shoud be tolerated and Catholicity was judged to be impossible, after nearly fifty years of heretical activity.

EDWARD HAWKS.

An Observant Child

Earthbound and Other Poems, by Helene Mullins. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00.

IN THIS first gathering of the poems which have achieved such wide favor when printed in F. P. A.'s Conning Tower and elsewhere, Helene Mullins appears rather like a quiet, grave, precocious child, wide-eyed still and a bit owlish, ever and again surprising some rare aspect of beauty or some flash of an ironic facet of life, and ever and again surprising us by the apt, quaint, oddly-turned way she tells of her discoveries.

With confident courage the poet has arranged her work as a progression; instead of putting her best work to the fore, she begins with earlier products of her 'prentice hand. Many lines have her characteristic accent, are clear poetry, yet just by a little too much patness, come near being classified as mere magazine verse. The same is true of her version of Judas's betrayal of the Saviour. Her power of graphic, visual imagery is displayed, as well as her early tendency toward singsong metrical effects. But gleams of insight, sharp sudden probes into life's ironies, are not wanting even in these earlier pieces; nor technical triumphs, such as the blank verse of Meeting in Spring, which is so smooth and level, yet at the same time so charming.

Happily, in her work we often catch that peculiar "feminine accent" which, if it sounds a bit too much in modern poetry, if it sometimes falls into bathos, is yet precious. The feminine accent in Helene Mullins's work, however, never rises to the wail and shriek with which some of the lady poets display their broken hearts; and the reason is that a prophylactic irony keeps her emotions from excess and absurdity. Part Two of this little book is given over entirely to gentle, sharp-tipped irony. We see dead Mr. Pepys in his coffin, "elegant and respected and absurd"; we read about the woman so proud of being a great artist's last love that she did not notice how "nothing that he gave her was quite new"; and in An Anglo-Saxon Romance, we are led gently through the life built around correctness, a model home, prudent investments and avoidance of all adventure, to

B. ALTMAN & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS

Summer Values in

MEN'S UNDERWEAR

Cool, white garments of the lightest fabrics, now arranged for a limited time only at unusually attractive prices

Lisle shirts and drawers, each $2.25
Lisle athletic shirts and drawers, each . . . 1.75
Cotton union suits . . . 1.95
Nainsook union suits . . 1.45
Nainsook shirts and drawers, each 1.15

These are all from the regular Altman stocks—splendidly made of fine materials. Similarly low prices prevail in all Altman Men's Furnishings Departments

MEN'S UNDERWEAR
FIRST FLOOR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The only Catholic Military School east of the Mississippi

A
CATHOLIC
HIGH SCHOOL

Conducted by The Brothers of the Christian School

Incorporated under the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York. A Reserve Officers Training Corps Unit of the United States Army. Member of the Association of Military Schools and Colleges of the United States. Essentially a military school, La Salle places primary emphasis on scholastic work. Military and Athletic preference is dependent on Academic standing.

While La Salle is a Catholic Academy, non-Catholics are admitted and no undue influence is exercised over their religious convictions.

Private rooms. Beautiful estate 156 acres; extensive athletic fields; golf course; one-half mile of sandy beach on the Great South Bay.

Resident Students Only

LA SALLE MILITARY ACADEMY
ON·THE·GREAT·SOUTH·BAY·OAKDALE·LONG·ISLAND

For other particulars address Reverend Brother Anselm, Director La Salle Military Academy, Oakdale, Long Island, N. Y. Sayville 900.

VILLANOVA
COLLEGE

Founded 1842

Villanova, Pennsylvania

●

ARTS - LETTERS - PHILOSOPHY

ENGINEERING
Civil - Electrical - Mechanical - Chemical

COMMERCE AND FINANCE
Pre-Legal - Pre-Medical - Pre-Dental

●

For catalog address
REGISTRAR, VILLANOVA, PENNA.

"Yet pity them not their dark, well-ordered rooms;
The saddest of their brave absurdities
Is pride in the provision of their tombs."

In the final section of her book, Helene Mullins passes from irony to compassion, and progresses from a sometimes tedious dependence on the elder metrics, to a freer technique. Reading her earlier work one feels that she needed a touch of Pound, Eliot or at least the later Yeats. In her maturer poems she has profited from the last-named at least, for she uses with great effect the looser rhythms, the "shaken-out" line. Thus, in this long-awaited book, she becomes a poet of stature, with many gleams of beauty, and always melodious.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

Sunny Dixie

Swords and Roses, by Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

THE title of Joseph Hergesheimer's latest book leads one to fear that he has surrendered a fine discernment to romantic glamour, while he has really committed the common error of gazing too long at the sun of southern pre-Confederacy civilization. In consequence he has been betrayed into misconceptions which become more startling when found in pages that reveal careful research and a profound appreciation. For example, he declares that over a great part of the "deep South," which he distinguishes roughly as the Gulf-state belt, "there was no winter whatever." And again, "aristocratic women, lovely women—the women of the deep South—are not utilitarian at heart. . . . They are—at least they were—concerned only with their beauty and with love." Such generalizations are as absurd as the assumption that all women of the deep South were beautiful.

Varina Howell Davis, Belle Boyd, Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard, Albert Sidney Johnson and Nathan Bedford Forrest are figures about whom it would be impossible to weave stories lacking in romance and interest. The author has caught a great deal of the poetic beauty of their lives but he has impaled it on a style which is obtrusive and tedious. Mr. Hergesheimer has been widely praised for his style. But much of this book is so mannered that the deliberate seeking after effect is altogether undisguised. The treatment also has a staccato-like quality which makes pictures that should melt into one another, jump into prominence with the starkness of a stereoptican exhibition.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

The Black Cat

Witchcraft in Old and New England, by George Lyman Kittredge. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $6.00.

EVIL-LOOKING old ladies astraddle brooms and attended by ominously black cats are almost the sole images which convey to us the terror aroused in our ancestors by witchcraft. But there is plenty of literature on the subect, at which one can nibble without any great profit. So great a mass of conjecture must contain some truth, but what is it? Professor Kittredge has combed the whole deposit of English and early American legend with relentless diligence. An immense and varied bibliography testifies to conscientious research, but far better is the dialectic lucidity which has been applied to many moot questions. The chief conclusions advanced are these: that the essence of witchcraft was the maleficum (the power to injure others by simply willing that they be injured) and not any

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kind of ritual; that British prowess in this regard was a heritage from deeply-rooted folk traditions, and not a result of imported information; that, granted the reality of the phenomenon, laws against it were no stricter than laws against other felonies; that King James I was not the credulous monster responsible for the "wholesale persecutions" often imputed to him; and that the Salem outburst can only be understood if it is correlated with English practice and with circumstances then prevalent in the colony. The diagnosis of the King James matter is particularly masterly. Indeed it is as fine a bit of work as Professor Kittredge, whose skill in such endeavors is admittedly great, has ever done.

In all likelihood the tenor of the book is a bit too rationalistic. It would be over-hasty to deny, a priori or otherwise, all commerce between human beings and Satanic powers. Professor Kittredge's views nevertheless approximate closely to those sponsored by Father Herbert Thurston; and one feels that between them these two scholars have done a great deal to free contemporary mankind of a remarkable, if fascinating, delusion. The present volume covers too much ground and is too scholarly ever to receive a wide reading. One merely hopes that the information it summarizes and the judgments it expresses will exert some influence upon future publicists.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Prize Drama

Goin' Home, and Other Plays of the 1927 Contest. $2.50. Pharaoh's Daughter, by Allison Gaw and Ethelean Tyson Gaw. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $1.50.

IN THESE two volumes are contained seven of the nine plays deemed worthy of prizes or mention in the first National Playwriting Contest, conducted in 1927 by Longmans, Green and Company and the Drama League of America. It is not a little surprising to discover that seven of the nine playwrights are Westerners living in Colorado or on the Pacific coast. If the implications behind such a fact are tenable, the wave of interest in native drama that was first evidenced by groups which fostered Eugene O'Neill and Paul Green, has now spread to those dramatically unsavory regions once known only as "the road." This new vigor in the West will be interesting to observe, for although all of them do not portray far-western life, the Westerners who wrote the plays express themselves with characteristic directness and objectivity.

Goin' Home, by Ransom Rideout, which won the full-length play contest, is by far the most distinguished play of all. It now has a good New York run to its credit, and is a happy augury of what we may hope for from this annual contest in the future. It is a Negro drama laid in France at the time of the departure for America of the A. E. F., and possesses as deft a manipulation of an active plot as it does a genuine understanding of the black man's heart.

Pharaoh's Daughter, by Allison Gaw and Ethelean Tyson Gaw, is the winning biblical play. Despite the naturally dramatic trappings that attend the discovery by Moses of his Jewish birth, at the very moment when, as heir-apparent to the throne of Egypt, his betrothal is to be announced to the most potent female blue blood of the realm, this play would not be much missed. It smacks a little too much of artificially heightened situations, thin characterization, costume and scenic effects—and blank verse. The sponsors of this annual contest are to be congratulated for many things, including their decision to drop the biblical division from the 1928 contest.

HARRY MCGUIRE.

Have You a **CATHOLIC BIBLE?**

No. 1814

The Third Plenary Council exhorts every family to have a Bible and read it every day.

DOUAY EDITION, 5½ x 8"
Maps, Illustrations, Register

Bound French Morocco, Yapp, Gold Title, Round Corners, Red Under Gold Edges, $4.75

Black Cloth, Square, Red Edges, Without Illustrations, $1.50

Write for Complete Catalog

JOHN MURPHY CO., 200 W. Lombard St., BALTIMORE, MD.

Georgetown Preparatory School
Garrett Park, Maryland

Country School
Conducted by the Jesuit Fathers
Regular Four-Year Classical
High School Course

Classes Limited — Private Rooms Only

Situated in the villa section of Montgomery County, Maryland, Eleven Miles from the National Capital. New South Wing has just been completed with accommodations for twenty additional resident students.

For information or catalogue apply HEADMASTER

MOUNT WASHINGTON COUNTRY SCHOOL FOR BOYS
MOUNT WASHINGTON, MARYLAND
—We will Prepare Your Son For High School—
In proximity to Mount Saint Agnes is the Mount Washington Country School, the ideal boarding and day school
Reservations Limited — Seventy Select Boys
From six to thirteen years of age

OUR LADY OF MERCY ACADEMY
Syosset, (Long Island) New York
A Residential and Day School for Girls.
Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy.

THE URSULINE ACADEMY
A College Preparatory School for Girls
Resident and Day Pupils
Chartered by the Regents of New York
Grand Concourse at 165th St., New York City

SETON HILL COLLEGE
GREENSBURG, PA.
An Eastern School with Western Vigor
A Northern School with Southern Charm
College Women From Eighteen States
500 Minutes from Broadway — 43 Minutes from Pittsburgh

GOOD COUNSEL COLLEGE, White Plains, N. Y.
A CATHOLIC COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
Registered by the University of the State of New York with power to confer degrees
PEDAGOGICAL COURSE. BEAUTIFUL LOCATION
Forty Minutes from New York. — Resident and Non-Resident Students
Catalogues on application to the Secretary

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For the Faithful of the Archdiocese of New York

Remember in your will the needs of the Home and Foreign Missions of your Holy Faith. You will have the spiritual benefits of the Masses, prayers and good works of 65,000 missionaries. "I hereby give, devise and bequeath unto the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, (offices at 462 Madison Avenue, New York City), the sum of ..... dollars."

Rt. Rev. John J. Dunn, D.D. *Chairman* — Rev. Thomas J. McDonnell *Director*

"It is a bad will that has not the name of our Lord among the Heirs."
—Cardinal Manning

MALVERN

Prep School

Resident and Day School. Augustinian Fathers. 163-acre campus. Gymnasium. Lake. Athletic field. Supervised sports. New buildings and equipment. Preparation for leading colleges and technical schools. Lower school for 8th grade boys. Catalog. Registrar, Malvern, Pa.

SUMMER VACATION TRIPS and CRUISES

Europe, Nova Scotia, New Foundland, St. Lawrence and Saguenay, Bermuda, Porto-Rico, Havana and West Indies. California (Water Rail), The Great Lakes, Motor Coach and Rail Tours to New England and Canada. To those considering THEIR VACATION PLANS will be pleased to mail descriptive literature and submit itineraries on request to

FARLEY TRAVEL AGENCY 535—5th Ave., N. Y. City Phone 8390-8391 Murray Hill

SARA ANSLEY O'ROURKE
associated with
EDITH L. SMITH
Specialist in
Westchester and Fairfield Country Homes
ROOM 2580, SALMON TOWER
11 WEST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK CITY
Telephone Pennsylvania 8762 *Write for folder*

OUR LADY ACADEMY

Manteno, Ill. 47 miles S. of Chicago, 2 blocks S.W. of I.C. Station, Route 49. Accredited Boarding School for Girls. Separate department for Boys from 6 to 12 years. Specialties: Commercial, Music, French, Art.
Send for Bulletin

ST. EDWARD'S UNIVERSITY
AUSTIN, TEXAS

Ranked as a Senior College of the First Class by the Catholic Educational Association and the Association of Texas Colleges.
Conducted by the Congregation of Holy Cross.
Courses lead to degress in: ARTS AND SCIENCES, BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION, ENGINEERING, AND JOURNALISM. Also two years of Pre-Law and Pre-Medicine.
—Write the Registrar for a catalog.

Briefer Mention

The Story of Hassan, by John Anthony. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

THE piquant charm of The Story of Hassan is not added to by the inclusion of an episode which passes the border of the risqué. This, however, is a minor discordancy in a book which can be fairly accurately described as an enjoyable Arabian Nights' entertainment for adults, sophisticated in treatment but thoroughly naive in subject-matter. Hassan is a Mohammedan boy who is brought up in a little village of the Himalayan foothills, where every form of roguery, particularly every form having to do with the circumventing of law, flourishes with no restraint save that supplied by the fear of being caught and punished. John Anthony has drawn a delightful character in Chiragh Bibi, Hassan's beautiful and resourceful mother. Indeed Chiragh is so far superior to the other characters of the book that the reader becomes impatient whenever she is not on the stage. There is a sly humor in the picture of the Hindu's attitude toward the Caucasian's customs.

The Mystery of the Kingdom and Other Sermons, by Ronald Knox. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

IT IS a pleasure to read anything written by Father Knox; one expects and gets a thrill. In these sermons we distinctly recognize the journalist and the pedagogue. There is an emphasis on the unexpected and an effort to tell too much in a short time. Father Knox knows, however, how to arouse the interest and impart solid information. The sermons, which deal with a mystical rather than a direct explanation of the parables, are ingenious and fresh. We are assured that they closely follow patristic exegesis. They are plainly addressed to possible converts from the Anglican Church and as such they may prove useful in their written form.

The Pope and Italy, by Wilfred Parsons, S.J. New York: The America Press.

IN THIS small and handy book of 134 pages the average Catholic will find all that is needed for general purposes concerning the pact between the Holy See and Italy. Father Parsons is to be congratulated upon the clear statement of the situation. In addition to a historical introduction necessary to a comprehension of the subject, the book contains the full text of the treaties. Its photographs are interesting and historic.

CONTRIBUTORS

Oliver McKee, jr., is associated with the Washington Bureau of the Boston Evening Transcript.
Franklyn Waltman, jr., is on the staff of the Baltimore Sun.
John Lee Higgins is a Washington poet.
Dr. James J. Walsh, writer and lecturer, is the author of The Thirteenth, the Greatest of Centuries; the Popes and Science; and other books.
Thérèse Laubauden is an essayist residing in England.
Merrill Moore is an interne in Saint Thomas's Hospital, Nashville, Tennessee.
Ernest Hartsock, editor of Bozart, is the author of Narcissus and Iscariot.
Ethel Romig Fuller is the author of High Road.
Daniel Whitehead Hicky is vice-president of the Atlanta Writers' Club, and a contributor to the American magazines.
Ruth Parr and Sarah Litsey are American poets.
John Chamberlain is on the staff of the New York Times Book Reviews.
Mary Ellen Chase, professor of English Literature in Smith College, is the author of Thomas Hardy: From Serial to Novel.
Ambrose Farley writes critical reviews for current periodicals.
Rev. Edward Hawks is pastor of the church of Saint Joan of Arc, in Philadelphia.
Shaemas O'Sheel, poet, reviewer and essayist, is the author of Jealous of Dead Leaves.
John Gilland Brunini is a member of The Commonweal staff.
Harry McGuire is associate editor of Outdoor Life.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED